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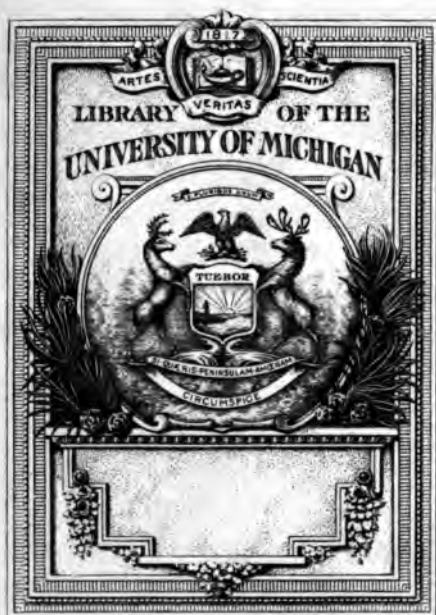
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PLAIN AMERICAN TALK
IN THE
PHILIPPINES

MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON

D LOCKLEY
WESTERN BOOKS
7 S. E. Stark St.
LAND, ORE.



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PLAIN AMERICAN TALK
IN THE
PHILIPPINES

"Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else if you would be a man speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood?... I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true... But so you may give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

PLAIN AMERICAN TALK
IN THE
PHILIPPINES

BY

MERCER GREEN JOHNSTON



MANILA, P. I.
JOHN R. EDGAR & CO.

1907

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)

To my Father
Once a Soldier under Lee
Now
A soldierly Bishop under Christ
On the Texas frontier
Upright, Vital, Open-faced, Straight-tongued,
Ready to serve, Ready to perish

Lib.
Rockley
8-13-37
34608

PREFACE.

The utterances contained in this book are published in this more permanent form because the author thinks they are indicative of a mood of mind that must be taken into account by those who assume to shape the destiny of the Philippine Islands.

The peculiar conditions that were responsible for some—by no means all—of these utterances have altered; but the mood of mind that made these utterances an imperative personal necessity remains unaltered. Similar conditions would produce similar results. Possibly the mood would manifest itself anew in more practical fashion. The mass meeting of Americans held in this city on August twenty-third of this year would seem to indicate as much. Certain it is that this mood is a living and grow-

ing reality that can neither be frowned down nor smiled away.

I trust the mood is not unworthy of a patriotic American. I count myself a thorough-going American, passionately in love with American ideals, and as ready to perish for them, if need be, as any American. My American citizenship weighed as heavily in the scales as my Christian discipleship when, somewhat more than four years ago, I set my face towards the Stars and Stripes hovering over these Islands. I came here, with a glad mind, to lend a hand in carrying out the honorable program to which my country stood committed.

But whether this mood be deemed worthy or unworthy of a patriotic American it must be taken into account. For there can be no doubt that the mood is characteristic of a large body of Americans in the Phil-

ippines. Just how large this body is I will not attempt to say. I have good reason for believing, however, that it includes practically every American in the Philippines who is free to consider the conditions with which he finds himself confronted here from time to time and to speak his mind, and also many of those insular Americans who are in *quasi* bondage by reason of the reign of the novel heresy that Government employees, with the exception of a favored few, are paid not only for the services they render, but for the silence they keep. I am tempted to say that I think this mood is characteristic of an overwhelming majority of Americans in the Homeland. I am certain that the mood is characteristic of a body of Americans, here and elsewhere, sufficiently large and sufficiently respectable to make it unwise for any Amer-

ican politician to ignore it. No American statesman will wish to ignore it.

To this main reason for publishing in book form these utterances that have already been published in their entirety in the local press, and in part republished in pamphlet form and in the press in the States, I add a subsidiary reason.

Cheerfully granting, as I do, that there is large justification for the apparent fact that many, perhaps most, Americans in the Homeland never look at the Philippine Islands except through the legs of the Secretary of War, who, to them, seems to bestride the entrance to Manila Bay like a Colossus, while we "petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves"—

I still hold that no sincere American who has rallied around the flag

in this outpost of American civilization is too petty to have a part to play in the great American drama that is being enacted in the Philippines. It must needs be so, unless the undemocratic idea of papal infallibility is to be imported into the office of our Secretary of War for use in all matters pertaining to the Philippines. This would indeed be a strange sequel to the sentimental journey of Mr. Taft to Rome—the strangest sequel of that unique, Lady-Bountiful-like visit!*

A big man makes a big shadow. A Colossus, even a smiling Colossus, makes a colossal shadow. But sunshine is an indispensable condition for the well-being of American ideals. Whether or not it is true that our Tree of Liberty needs to be watered with blood every twenty years in

*This visit, let it be said in fairness to the visitor, was an Administration rather than a personal blunder.

order to be kept green, it is unquestionably true that the precious fruit of this tree, for which our forefathers paid a nameless price, can only be saved from falling and rotting by daily sunshine. Overmuch shade, however beneficent, will be fatal to the fruit.

Now the part we petty men in the Philippines have to play in the drama that America is acting here is, perhaps, to let a little sunshine into the shadow made here by our American Colossus. Strange as it may sound to the ears of those whose eyes are fixed upon his smiling face, all has by no means always gone smilingly in his shadow. Sometimes our American ideals have fared as miserably as did the brood of the Hen Partridge adopted and sat upon by the Sentimental Elephant after he had accidentally killed the mother

bird while bent on one of his many errands of mercy. Now if we petty men can let even so much as a single ray of sunshine into the shadow, and we fail to try to do it, we will be undeserving even of dishonorable graves. Our wretched bones should be left, like those of the slaves of Circe, to bleach upon the seashore.

As I was about to sign this preface these lines came into my mind:

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

Perhaps some unsympathetic reader will say, "I have had them in my mind all along." But never mind. I have done my best to let such sunshine as I could into the shadow where and when there seemed to me to be an indispensable need of sunshine. To those who think I have acted unwisely, I say, as David said to his

big, timid brother Eliab: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" To those who think I have been unduly, if not unjustly critical, I say: Forgive me. I could not but speak as I have spoken without loss of self-respect. I have spoken nothing with a personal, partisan, ecclesiastical, or racial *animus*.

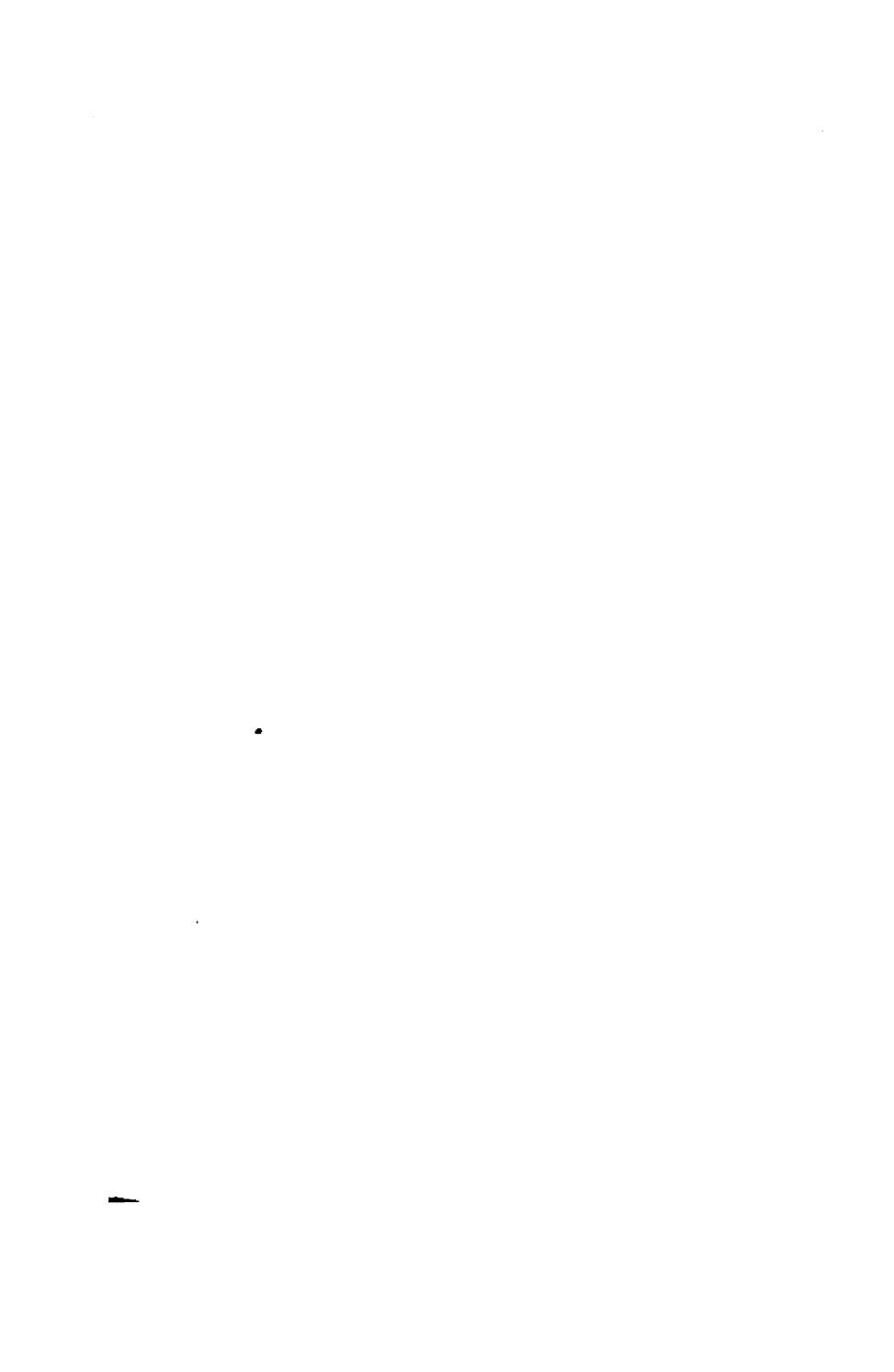
MERCER G. JOHNSTON.

Manila, P. I.,

October 15th, 1907.

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Loyalty to Lawton

An Address delivered at the Memorial Service of
Lawton Post No. 1, Veteran Army of the Philip-
pines, held in the Marble Hall of the Ayuntamiento,
Manila, December 17th, 1904.

An ambassador of the Prince of Peace, acting under a commission that bids me tell men to "beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks," and say "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," I find myself tonight face to face with a famous fighting man—one taken in the very act of bloody battle, and myself put forward by his friends to speak in his honor.

What shall I say? Woe is me if in this presence I do not speak words of truth and soberness. I would be ashamed to lie—either for or against this man whose motto was "Upright

and loyal." Did I so, I could not meet the straightforward gaze even of his death-dimmed eyes without wincing.

Soldier, what shall I say?

Is it the murmuring of the Mariquina that I hear? Or the wind that sweeps down from the mute mountains that stand sentinel-like about the spot where he fell? Or is it the undying voice of that rugged missionary of order divinely appointed to be Protector of England when falsehood and folly were in royal favor, and tyranny and anarchy stalked abroad in the land? Or is it the spirit of this soldier, who, "being dead, yet speaketh," that I hear?

"Paint me as I am."

What then shall I say? That war is murder and this man a murderer? That war is hell and this soldier a hell-hound—a mad dog—that ran

amuck and was caught and carried back to his eternal kennel by a beneficent bullet? That this mark on his bosom is the brand of Cain? That Lawton lies dead on the field of dishonor?

God forbid! If to be a Christian one must so believe, then no Christian am I. Then is Christianity the last infirmity of an effete civilization.

I look away for a moment from this soldier to my Prince. I see Him standing in a street of old Capernaum, over which the Roman eagle hovers, and where a company, more or less, of Roman soldiers is stationed to keep the Roman standard unsullied. I see the captain of this company—centurion they called him—come and stand before my Prince. The shadow of sorrow is on the face of this grim-visaged veteran. His voice is tender with sympathy. I hear him say,

"Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented."

"I will come and heal him," my Prince replies, without a moment's hesitation. The warrior answers:

"Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed; for I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The sunshine of admiration floods the face of my Prince as he gazes at the soldier before Him, armed cap-a-pie, an incarnation of force, a human fact not to be ignored, and a divine factor in the founding of the Kingdom of Righteousness not to be deplored. I see the Prince turn to the half-believing crowd about Him, and say: "I have not

found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.”

I am reassured. And I turn from the Prince of Peace back to our soldier. I know that I may speak the thoughts of my heart without detriment to the cause of Him whose servant I am, and no longer distracted by the bawling of the Boston babies, who are making the national nursery ring with wild alarums because they would have this great, earnest world of God’s governed by a group of doting grandmothers each armed with a sugar-tit and a big bottle of Mother Winslow’s Soothing Syrup.

Oh, these good Samaritans—*Samaritans**—with their incredible long-dis-

* The ladrones were especially active and savage in the island of Samar at this time.

tance sympathy with the cut-throat thieves that Americans and law-abiding Filipinos sometimes fall among in these Islands!

I do not need to recite the facts of General Lawton's life. You have heard them or read them. They are history, and history of no mean sort. His life was devoted to the service of his country in that torrid zone of human activity where issues are not decided over the teacups, where neither the tongue nor the pen, but the sword only, can speak with authority. He was a man of war from his youth up. Not because he hated the sound of the pipes of peace, not because he loved the smell of human blood, but because the Lord, who is God of Battles as well as God of Peace, called and elected him to be warrior—a militant missionary of order, a

Son of Thunder and of Lightning—to go, under authority, to those men who stop their ears against everything in heaven above and the earth beneath except the loud-mouthed gun.

Dreadful as war is, and I do not underrate it, war is divine compared with that diabolical peace when men suffer the right to be outraged and sit with folded hands and smile. It is not only weak, it is wicked, to cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. And this none ever knew so well as the Prince of Peace. "I came not to send peace, but a sword," said He. The Temple of Peace, if it is to stand, must be built on foundations of which the cornerstones are Mercy and Truth, Justice and Honor. And this foundation must be built even if its every stone has to be cemented with human blood. And every man who helps to make the foundation is a peacemaker.

The warrior, acting under authority, is a peacemaker, and without doubt he will be recognized by the Prince of Peace as such. Consecrated force is a part of God's economy.

Lawton soon made his mark as a first-class fighting man. It might have been said of him, as of Martin Luther, "The thing he will quail before exists not on the earth nor under it." He had an honorable part in the three wars in which our country was engaged during his life; he was always at the front, and always under fire when there was any fire to be under. Not only was he a fearless fighter, he was a most effective fighter. He was a soldier who got things done; who could be depended upon to get things done, and to get them done without delay. He helped to save the Union. He helped to win the West. He helped to expel the Spaniard from

Cuba. He helped to plant the Stars and Stripes in these islands. His rise from sergeant to major general was the thing to be expected.

And withal, he was a modest soldier. You remember that when his friends congratulated him upon the many successes that marked his career, he replied, almost apologetically, "I owe it to the good fortune of having exceptionally good men with me in all my undertakings."

My countrymen, General Lawton the upright, loyal soldier, lies dead on the field of honor—his duty splendidly done, his laurels and his rest well won.

Let us not be disloyal to his memory by forgetting the price paid for the position that the United States holds today in these Islands. I am not opposed to Philippine independence—when the conditions are ripe. When I hear the cry, "The Philippines for the

Filipinos," I say, "Yes, when the Filipinos are fit for the Philippines; when they can show something in character more substantial than their soft Guadalupe and Meycauayan stone."

I am opposed to the setting up here of an adobe state, which, when the rains descend and the floods come, as they do come annually, will be washed away, and every Filipino be suffered to do that which is right in his own half-wild eyes. I am unalterably opposed to cementing Philippine mud with American blood. I am an implacable enemy to the unbaked and unpatriotic idea of the United States playing the rôle of patron at an international opera bouffe performance, the leading feature of which is the drawing aside of the Stars and Stripes and the introduction to an amazed and amused world of a horrid, hasty, green-room creation of

mud and blood galvanized into life and called a Filipino Republic—America to be responsible for all costs and damages during the continuance of the farce! Not to be an enemy of such a raw, unpatriotic idea would be rank disloyalty to the memory of the loyal Lawton.

A Good Word for the Jews*

"I say then, Hath God cast away his people? God forbid. For I am an Israelite, of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin." Romans, XI, 1.

Is this the beginning of the twentieth century, or the end of the fifteenth?

Are we living in the age of Tomas de Torquemada, or in that of Theodore Roosevelt?

Is it Spanish, or is it Anglo-Saxon civilization that is the dominant influence in the world to-day? Does the still small voice, that perhaps speaks most potently to the rulers of the earth to-day, emanate from Madrid, where once the Auto-da-Fé was wont to be celebrated while monk and monarch looked on, and where to-day the barbarous bull-fight takes place, cheered on by king and priest, or

*A Sermon delivered in the Church of St. Mary and St. John, Manila, October 8th, 1905.

from Washington, where stands the great white memorial of him whose unspotted name the city bears, pointing with inspiring certitude to the God of Truth and Liberty?

What flag is it that floats out yonder on the Luneta? Once another flag flaunted its folds over this capital city. Why has that other flag disappeared from these Islands forever? And why has this new flag been brought from the Temperate Zone to take the place of that older flag beneath the burning sun of the Torrid Zone, if not forever, at least until the people tutored under that older flag shall have gazed long enough at the constellation of white stars in the new flag, and its orderly red stripes, to be born again?

Has anything happened these past four hundred years? Has anything hopeful happened since the Duke of Alva rose up from the Council of Blood

to make the awful boast that he had caused eighteen thousand human beings to be burned or butchered over and above those killed in battle, for the shameful reason that the victims of his inhumanity believed it to be their duty to worship the Creator according to the dictates of their own consciences? Has anything happened to put king and priest, and the wayfaring man though a fool, upon notice that the Age of Persecution has passed? that the Code of Procedure, prepared with such elaborate cruelty by the first Inquisitor-General cannot be safely applied to-day by Church or State or individual? that the very principles upon which the Inquisition and the Auto-da-Fé were founded are now commonly held to be diabolical? that the Christian Church only escaped sinning her soul away in those dark days by the skin of her teeth? Has

anything happened to encourage men to believe that the Age of Toleration has dawned, and that its sun is slowly rising to the zenith? Have any men lived, have any documents been written, have any conventions been held, have any battles been fought and won in behalf of human liberty, since the beginning of the sixteenth century? Are the names of Thomas Jefferson, and John Stuart Mill, and Phillips Brooks, names and nothing more? Are the Declaration of Independence, the Virginia Bill in Behalf of Religious Tolerance, the English bills removing the disabilities of Dissenters and Roman Catholics and Jews, and the Essays on "Liberty" and "Tolerance", paper and nothing more? Is it conceivable that the cross of Jesus Christ, from which the noblest plea for tolerance ever uttered was made, could be used to-day as a Big

Stick, by either Church or State or individual, with which to beat humanity into ecclesiastical or political line, and to brain such men, whether Jews or Gentiles, as dared defy the intolerant wielder of the Christian club—the deconsecrated cross?

But enough of these questions. Why do I put them? Because I must. They have risen up in my mind and will not down. They have been charging through my brain, and surging through my blood, demanding utterance. Stung by a virulent attack upon our Jewish fellow citizens into a fuller consciousness of human intolerance, I have been thinking much of man's inhumanity to man; especially of the inhumanity of the man who calls himself a Christian to the man who calls himself a Jew; and I am greatly moved to speak my mind; and moved, I verily believe, by the

Spirit that wrought so mightily in Him who, though rejected by Jews, wept over Jerusalem, and who so often since that bitter day, wounded again and again in the house of His friends, has stood without the walls of the churches of Christendom, weeping bitterly over them.

Brethren, bear with me to-day. You must share my burden with me. Let no one doubt that God does put burdens upon those who dare to speak out for Him in this our day, just as He put burdens upon those men we now call prophets who dared to speak out for Him in the olden time. And it happens now sometimes, as it happened then most frequently, that the burden is made up of strong meat. To-day I have naught but strong meat to offer you. I have no milk for babes, nor for the feeble who are upon a milk diet. But I want you

to bear with me to-day. Another day, God and you willing, we shall drink together the milk of the word to the nourishment of the newest need of our souls. Do not think that I despise it or you. But to-day I must deliver the burden of strong meat to those who are strong enough to receive it. Let those who came to-day expecting something else take these lines from the Holy Grail and think of them. They may help you to bear with me.

For every fiery prophet in old times,
And all the sacred madness of the bard,
When God made music through them, could but
 speak

His music by the frame-work and the chord;
And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth.

The vituperative attack upon the Jews in the Philippines, to which I have referred as the sting that startled me into a fuller realization of the inhumanity of the man who calls himself a Christian to the man

who calls himself a Jew, appeared first in the local paper known as *El Mercantil* Saturday a week ago. The article was reproduced in English last Tuesday in *The American* in order, as that paper explained, that its readers might know "the degree of intolerance that still exists in the form of prejudice against a race that has survived similar persecutions for thousands of years." Presumably the article was written in Spanish. *The American* spoke of it as an editorial, and made an editorial protest against the intolerant spirit it breathed.

The diatribe is drawn out to the length of a column and a half. Much of it is so unintelligible, and the rest of it is so unintelligent, and the hiss of the viper is heard so plainly through the whole of it, that the average American, who counts one or more Jews among his friends, and who

knows little, save by reading or hear-say, of the serious persecutions of which the Jews have been the unhappy victims, is apt to dismiss such an attack as this, coming from a source so petty and yet so spiteful, as being too silly to be noticed further than to say: "So hot, little man?" My own first impulse was to string it up with these lines of Shakespeare merely as a striking illustration of St. James' statement that the tongue is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and leave it to gnash its teeth alone:

It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

But after I had followed the train of thought suggested by this attack upon the Jews for some little distance, and looked somewhat more closely into the history of Jewish persecutions during the Christian era than I had

done before, and considered the recent recrudescence of anti-Jewish feeling in certain European countries, calling itself by the new name of anti-Semitism, the less sure was I that this Philippine philippic signified nothing, and the more sure was I that it was my solemn duty, as a lover of fair play, as a friend of human kind, as the hopeless debtor to the Jews that Christian is, and as a servant and spokesman of Jesus Christ, to take up this hateful, dirty gauntlet flung in the face of our Jewish fellow citizens in this remote quarter of the earth, and make it the occasion (no more) for speaking out a bold good word for the Jews.

You will pardon me if I offend your ears with one or two of the more coherent passages of this invective. For I agree with the editor of *The American* in thinking that it is

the duty of Americans to know something of the degree of intolerance of which certain of the inhabitants of these Islands are capable. Macbeth, when the witch bade him beware Macduff, cried:—

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.

It may be that this bit of intolerance harps aright the American fear for the Filipino. I feel sure my Jewish friends will not take amiss my repetition of a part of this wretched attack upon them.

I quote: "Yes sirs, in time opportune, we have been able to say that, until the present, the numerous colony of Jews in our midst has been ignored—Jews, by their very acts, worthy examples of those who some nineteen centuries since crucified the good Jesus and who now continue to crucify nations that are so unfortunate as to be invaded by this seventh

modern plague. Russia, Germany, Hungary, France, and other European States say so..... In the regions of Oriental Asia, this race, without a country, a flag, or a conscience, has not yet succeeded in establishing its kingdom..... These people, without affection, a heart, or a God, other than their pocket-books, like unto crows, ospreys, and other carnivorous birds, are wont to appear in nations when they are on the verge of ruin, following armies as if they had an instinct of destruction and death, that they may grease themselves in the hecatombs of avarice on unburied bodies..... Such is the Jew in all parts of the world, who has now appeared on the stage of our social theatre as if by enchantment or by some stage trap. We have Jews in the Philippines..... The Jews are in our midst. Who can save us now?

We raise the seventh sign in our observatory of economics."

The diatribe is signed by "Adolfo Lopez de las Heras." Who "Adolfo Lopez de las Heras" is, I have not the remotest idea, nor do I care to know. Presumably, he is a man. Probably, he is a Filipino. Surely no Spaniard enjoying the protection of the American flag in these Islands could be guilty of such intolerance. But if a Filipino, then one whose education has been received at the worst of Spanish ecclesiastical hands, such an accord is there between his sentiments towards the Jews and the sentiments of those Dominicans who were the masters of ceremony at the Autos-da-Fé, and through whose influence the Jews were expelled from Spain that year that God revealed America. But to me "Adolfo Lopez de las Heras," is a name, and nothing


more, or if more, a type of human intolerance. I attach no more personality to him than I do to that Shimei, dead now some three thousand years, who when King David in the hour of his darkest adversity went out from Jerusalem by the way of Bahurim, broken in heart and spirit for the time, went along on the hillside over against the king, and cursed him as he went, and threw stones at him, and cast dust; and then, later, when David was himself again, came and fell down at his feet, whining like a cur, and begged and received from the great-hearted king pardon for his pusillanimous behavior.

If the author of this uncalled for attack upon the Jews is a Filipino, and his intolerant utterance is suffered to be unrebuked by Filipinos, it argues ill for the possibility of the Filipinos ever becoming a people, ever

having a flag, ever realizing the dream, "The Philippines for the Filipinos." If such sentiments as are expressed in this article are common in these Islands, then indeed must the natives of these Islands be born again before the American flag is lowered here. It will never be lowered until the Filipinos have learned this lesson that is set down in big letters in the Primer of American civilization: "Whether we be Jews or Gentiles, the same flag over all is rich unto all that call upon it for protection." Wherever that flag floats, there is no difference in the eyes of the law between man and man, and in the eyes of America the Jew is a man. "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passion? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and

cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die?" So pleads the Jew, and in America, at least, his plea carries weight. Should a spirit of persecution rise here, whether against Jew or other, it would arouse such a storm of indignation in America as would forever blast with the hot breath of a generous people's displeasure the crude aspirations for national birth of a race that even from the womb in which its national features are being fashioned breathes forth threatening and slaughter.

Let the Filipinos that have ears to hear, hear this, and hear it from the lips of one who is willing to spend and be spent to help them along the toilsome road and up the steep and dangerous hill that lies before them.



My zeal for the Jew has not eaten up that portion of my heart dedicated to the Filipino. If the trenchant words I have spoken humiliate any Filipino who hopes the highest things for his people, with all my heart I beg him remember that it is not humility, but arrogant pride, that goes before a fall.

And now I pass on to a larger aspect of this painful subject.

That the Jew has sinned, and sinned deeply, God knows, the world knows, the Jew knows in part if not in whole.

But the Jew is not the only sinner. With the fierce light of Truth beating down upon the pages of universal history, fetid with debauchery, black with hate, and bloody with inhuman deeds, what nation dare say that? Is there one of the family of nations that dares look the others in the face and ask, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

See! Here is the Jew set in the midst of the so-called Christian nations. By his side, in the center of the awful circle, stands his Victorious Victim, I hear the nations say: "Master, this is the man that was taken in the very act of sin against Thee. Should he not be stoned? What sayest Thou?"

I see Him stoop down and with His trembling finger write on the ground as though he heard them not. But they continue asking Him, the while closing in on the Jew. Now I see the Master lift Himself up to the full height of His god-like stature, and looking down upon the nations through eyes from which no secret is safe, but from whose infinite depths mercy in all its splendor shines, I hear Him say: "She that is without sin among you, let her first cast a stone at him." I wait, breathless, watching the nations. Which of them, being so challenged,

dare cast a stone at the Jew? Dare Greece or Rome? dare Spain or France or Germany? dare Austria or Hungary? Is there no innocent blood on their hands? Dare England? Are the pages of her history unspotted? Dare any nation? I know my own dare not. Above all, dare Russia, "red in tooth and claw" with innocent blood, the tongues of whose very dogs are red through the same even while I speak? Surely none will dare, except she be blinder than the blindest Pharisee. Look! See the nations with bowed heads, withdrawing one by one from the savage circle! Am I dreaming? America has gone out! Ah! my country, you never were really of this circle, though sometimes standing dangerously near it. England, too, has now gone out, waving back a friendly hand at the Jew. This is no dream. I thank God greatly. And see! The

others are going. Do I dream now? They have all gone out. I see Jesus and the Jew standing alone. I hear Him say: "Jew, hath no one condemned thee?" I hear the Jew reply, in tones of ancient reverential awe, "No one, Lord." I hear Jesus say: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." And now I hear a cry of human anguish such as the world has not heard since, in the palace of Pharaoh, Joseph's brethren fell down at his feet, saying: "Forgive, I pray thee, now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin. Behold, we be thy servants." I hear the voice of Jesus say: "I am the light of the world." I hear a mighty chorus of all nations and languages, crying, "Amen! Amen! Alleluiah! Amen!" I see heaven opened, and earth filled with such a light as never was on land or sea.

Would some one like to interrupt me here, and say, "Preacher, you are dreaming, and dreaming impossible dreams. This Jew you picture, 'touch'd with human gentleness and love,' is a creature of the imagination, pure and simple. The real Jew is Shylock. Behold him at the judgment bar, clutching with one hand his bloody bond, and with the other his thirsty knife. Hear the Duke warn the Merchant that he has come to answer.

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Hear the Jew justify the charge by making answer to Portia's plea for mercy:

By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

There is the true Jew. In the character of Shylock Shakespeare has

portrayed the typical Jew in masterly fashion once for all. Behold him, and be gentle with those that hate him. What say you now?"

My answer is: I admit the awful ugliness of Shylock. The possibility of finding such a Jew in the days of Shakespeare, or even to-day, I do not deny. But that Shylock is the typical Jew of all time, I do deny as emphatically as I deny that "black Macbeth" is a typical Scotchman, or a typical Christian. Scot he was, and Christian he professed to be—made a pilgrimage to Rome, tradition says,—and yet Macduff, bereft of wife and children and all by him, declares:

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Every people is to be judged, not by its lowest, but by its highest, else none shall stand in the judgment. And no man who knows aught of the

history of the Jews as strangers in many a strange land: under the Moors in Spain, from the days of Moses Mendelssohn, whose life inspired Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," down through the nineteenth century,—or aught of their history from the days of Abraham and Moses and David and the prophets to the days of Jesus and Saint John and Saint Paul, would presume to set up Shylock as the typical Jew of all time. The truth is,—it came home to me that night I saw Henry Irving interpret the character, and I felt the blood mantle to my Christian cheeks,—the truth is, that in so far as Shylock is a typical Jew of any time, he is the type of the Jew produced by centuries of barbarous persecution in Christian lands. He is the indomitable Jew, petrified by the inhuman intolerance, and hewed into hideousness by the hatchet,

of the man who called himself a Christian.

No, the Jew is not the only sinner. Magnificent in sin he has been. I do not minimize his sin. Believing what I believe, and hoping for the Jew the noble hope of the great Jew Paul, I would be but a false friend to him did I do that. But I have sometimes thought that it was because the Jew had the chance, which none other ever had, that he, and not another, became the chief of sinners. God has dared to trust the Jew as He has not yet dared to trust any other. And I find nothing in ancient history, and all too little in modern history, to warrant the belief that God's great Gift would have fared better had it been entrusted to other hands. Let us not lose sight of the fact that the Jews did not utterly fail God. As a people, they did not rise to their

opportunity. The day of their visitation found them unprepared. But, nevertheless, *the Jews did bring Jesus forth!* God found a saving remnant among the Jews even in those dark days. And this saving remnant did rise up to the great height of their opportunity, did receive God's great Gift, and did go forth in His spirit to become the salt and light of the world. Let us not forget that the Jew, purblind and sinful though he has often been, is the human portal through which God has come most gloriously into humanity. The Jew has served the world well. None so well.

If the Jew has served God ill, that is between the Jew and God. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." God has never imposed upon any people the duty of avenging Him against the Jew. And no open-minded people ever honestly thought so. Love of money, rather than love of God,

has been the impelling motive in Jewish persecution. How could any open-minded Christian people think that God had commissioned them to persecute the Jew, with Christ's great prayer of forgiveness fixed forever on His cross? Surely no people calling themselves Christians can be so blind to-day as to fail to see that between the Jew and the cross on which the intolerant element among them would crucify him, hangs the Christ through whose outstretched hands the nails that are to fix the Jew to the cross must be driven afresh.

Were it true that God had ever commissioned the nations of Christendom, or any of them, to avenge Him upon the Jew, surely the terrible commission has been long since generously fulfilled. But it is not true that any people ever held, or that any people holds to-day, such a commission. Not France, not Germany,

not Russia, and it is at their peril that they presume to act as though they did. The day is coming, and is near at hand, when not even in that dark corner of Russia where bloody Kishinev lies, that Human Hunting Reserve of the Czar of All the Russias, wherein the voice of Rachel weeping for her children never ceases—the time is coming,—and I shout it across the sorrowful steppes of Siberia, and the crimson streams of Russia, and up the bloody streets of St. Petersburg, to that Coward's Castle within which the tyrannical "Little Father" trembles out his days,—the time is coming when nowhere, and by nobody, will the persecution of human beings, as though they were beasts of prey, be tolerated, whether they be Jews or Gentiles!

Fellow Christians, what answer shall we make to-day to the question put

and answered by Paul even while he was in peril of his countrymen: "Hath God cast away His people?" Has not the time come when with mighty voice we can join Paul's great "God forbid!" Can we not rise to his noble hope for his people, and, through them, for the world? "If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" I believe that God offers an opportunity to Christianity to-day only less great than the opportunity He offered the Jews nineteen hundred years ago. Then He sought to make a glorious gift of Himself to the world through the Jews. Despite their blindness He succeeded. Today He seeks to make a glorious gift of Himself to the Jews through the nations of Christendom. Will He succeed? Will you and I, fellow Christians, try earnestly to help Him?

The Tragedy of Weakness*

“And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all that I have spoken concerning his house, from the beginning even unto the end. For I have told him that I will judge his house forever, for the iniquity which he knew, because his sons did bring a curse upon themselves, and he restrained them not, And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever.”
1 Samuel 3, 11-14.

“For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” Luke 23, 31.

“God will not have his work made manifest by cowards.” Thus said the Lord through the lips of an American of the past generation who was ever valiant for the truth upon the earth. “It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine.”

In a Moses, meekness is a king-becoming virtue. Humility in a Uriah

*A Sermon delivered in the Church of St. Mary and St. John, December 17th, 1905.

Heep is detestable. I would not say that it makes no difference what kind of a platform a man stands on in this world, but I do say that it is better for a man to stand upright and vital on a lower platform, daring to speak the rude truth as he sees it always, than it is for him to go on all-fours on a higher platform, crouching and creeping and boot-licking. "Your goodness must have some edge to it," said Emerson, "else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines." More that is divine can be exhibited through a supplanter like Jacob, despite his hardness, than through an easy-going loose-handed Esau. To the one it was said, "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Of the other it was said, "He found no place of

repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

God's first requirement is that his servants have moral backbone. Of David whom He chose to feed his people, it is said, "He fed them with a faithful and true heart: and ruled them prudently with all his power." And Paul, whom He also chose to be His servant, declared, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." God will not have his work made manifest by cowards, whether they be cowards by constitution, or whether they be cowards by convention, physical cowards or political cowards. Goodness was never wrought out by weakness; not by a weak man, and not by a weak policy even in the hands of a strong man. Weakness in a man or in a policy, even when arrayed like Solomon in all his glory,

is but weakness still, and there is but one end to weakness, and that a tragic end. Show me weakness in a green tree, and I will show you tragedy in a dry. The God with whom we have to do is a God of Strength, and He will not have His work made manifest by mealy-mouthed men.

Let no Man-Afraid-of-his-Shadow presume to shadow forth the truth of the God "with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning."

History is crowded with illustrations of this truth, in the lives of nations, and of houses, and of individuals, both private and public. The case of the fall of the house of Eli, of which I am to speak by way of introduction to certain observations upon matters political that I feel impelled to make, is a classic instance.

In the person of Eli were united for the first time in the history of

Israel the two offices of high priest and judge. For forty years he judged Israel. It was he who sat upon a seat by a post of the temple of the Lord in Shiloh when Hannah, the mother of Samuel, prayed unto the Lord in bitterness of soul for a man child, and vowed a vow to give him unto the Lord all the days of his life. Seeing her lips move, and hearing no sound, Eli thought she was drunk. The sight of drunken prostitutes in and around the temple was all too common in those days when the easy-going Eli judged Israel. Eli said unto her. "How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Hannah answered and said, "No my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord. Count not thine handmaid for a daughter of Belial."

We do not know very much about Eli, but it would appear from what we do know, that he was a man of a kindly disposition, of clean life, and apart from the weakness of his character manifested in his dealings with his sons, sincere and upright in the performance of his duties as priest and judge. His ready submission to the divine sentence pronounced against his house, shows the reality of his belief in the God of Israel. So far as his feelings were concerned, Eli was certainly a man of God. Where he broke down was when it came to action. He knew the Lord, he liked the Lord, and, up to a certain point, he liked to serve the Lord. Just so long as the Lord's ways were ways of pleasantness, and the Lord's paths were paths of peace, Eli was the Lord's to command. But to set his face like a flint against a falsehood

armed for fight, or to take stringent and decided action against the sons of Belial, especially the leading spirits among them, Hophni and Phinehas, his own sons who profaned their sacred calling by laying violent hands on the offerings brought by the people to the temple and by laying with the women that assembled at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, this Eli would not do, not even for the Lord's sake. It would seem that the man had so thoroughly schooled himself into the selfish and comfortable belief that the Lord's ways are all ways of pleasantness and that all his paths are peace, that he had lost the divine power of moral indignation. Even when goaded up by the daily reports that came to him of the evil doings of his sons, by reason of which the name of God was put to an open shame, all he can muster up moral

energy to say to his sons is: "Why do you such things? for I hear of your evil doings by all this people. Nay, my sons; for it is no good report that I hear: ye make the Lord's people to transgress. If one man sin against another, the judge shall judge him: but if a man sin against the Lord, who shall intreat for him?"

What a pitiful protest from the man who was at once charged with the responsibilities of judge and high priest of his people! One can feel the feebleness of the moral pulse of Eli through the thirty odd centuries that separate him from us! One can almost hear the sigh of relief the complacent old man gives when he comes to the end of the unpleasant task that has been forced upon him, and sets out again along his footpath of peace. The result of such a bloodless protest as this was just what might have

been expected. "Notwithstanding," says the old chronicle, "they hearkened not unto their father." Of course they did not. They gauged his moral earnestness, saw the shallowness of it, ignored his feeble protest, and despised him. Said Hophni to Phinehas: "Oh, the old man kicks a little when somebody spurs him up a bit, but he doesn't mean anything by it."

This wretched condition of affairs had to come to an end. "Things refuse to be mismanaged long." One day there came a man of God unto Eli, inquiring in God's name why it was that he honored his sons above the Lord, and saying unto Eli: "The Lord God of Israel saith, I said indeed that thy house and the house of thy father should walk before me for ever: but now the Lord saith, Be it far from me; for them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise

me shall be lightly esteemed." What the effect of this visitation was we are not told. Probably it was a bad half-hour for Eli. We know that his sons were suffered to go on their greedy and licentious way undisturbed. They degraded more and more the moral standard of their countrymen and countrywomen. By reason of them "men abhorred the offering of the Lord." The temple became a plague spot. The manhood of Israel was reduced to the lowest extremity. But Eli refused to "take up arms against a sea of troubles." He jogged on along the pathway of peace hoping against hope, perhaps, that some day his sons would take a turn for the better; but doing nothing, certainly nothing strenuous, tending towards that end.

Once again, and but once, God spoke in words to Eli. This final

message came to him through the lips of Samuel who ministered unto the Lord before Eli. "The Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever." Thus spake the Lord to Samuel, and Samuel, child that he was, feared at first to show the vision of doom to the weak old man who had played the part of father to him for so long, but, being solicited,

he told him every whit, and hid nothing from him.

The words that fell from Eli's lips at the sound of his doom were brave words: "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." But brave words could not make amends for a weak past. The knell of the house of Eli had been struck. Even deeds could not now save it. The whole house was rotten with weakness. There was no soundness in it. Neither sacrifice nor offering could save it. Nothing could save it. Not even the bloody sacrifice of upwards of thirty thousand men of Israel upon the field of battle availed to save it. Even while the ears of all men from Dan to Beersheba were tingling with the words that God had spoken against the house of Eli, up from Aphek came the cry, The Philistines are coming! The Philistines are upon us! From

watch-tower to watch-tower, from hill-top to hill-top, from city to city, the warning cry was repeated. Israel, little realizing how she had been weakened by the weakness of him who had ruled her as judge and high priest the past forty years, went out against the Philistines to battle. The Philistines put themselves in array against Israel. They joined battle. Israel was smitten. Four thousand of her sons were slain. They were every one dismayed. Conscience made cowards of them all. In their despair the elders of Israel bethink them of the ark of the covenant at Shiloh, and they send for it post-haste. Eli is overpersuaded by his sons to let it go. So much that was sacred has already fallen into the hands of these sons of Belial, that it seems hardly worth while to withhold anything from them. Hophni and Phinehas set off with the

ark. When they appear in the camp with it, all Israel shouts with a great shout, so that the earth rings again and the Philistines are for a little disconcerted. But Israel has drunk too deep of the cup of trembling. In the battle that follows Israel is smitten. There is a very great slaughter. There fall of Israel thirty thousand footmen. And the ark of God is taken. And the two sons of Eli are slain. A man runs out of the army and comes to Shiloh the same day to tell Eli. When he comes, Eli is sitting upon a seat by the wayside watching, with trembling heart. When the man comes into the city and tells the news all the city cries out. Eli hears the noise of the crying and asks what it means. The man comes in hastily and tells Eli. When he hears it he falls from off the seat backward by the side of the gate. His neck breaks. He dies.

The tidings of these things cause Phinehas' wife to give untimely birth to a son, whom she names Ichabod, saying with her expiring breath, "The glory is departed from Israel; for the ark of God is taken."


Here we will let the curtain fall upon this ancient tragedy of weakness.

Now for the observations that I am impelled to make. In the light, or (shall I not say?) the shadow, of recent events in these Islands, I have been musing upon the policy of our Secretary of War for the government of our oriental possessions. While I was musing the fire burned. My heart was and is hot within me. I must speak with my tongue. I trust I am not unduly moved. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say:

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stain'd?

I would not willingly give the least pain to any fellow-countryman of mine, or to any Filipino; but if to speak out as I am about to do gives another pain, I can only regret it. I cannot be silent any longer without sacrificing my own self-respect as an American gentleman. I can only regret it. I cannot be silent.

The head of our Bureau of Education will pardon me, I trust, if I find it impossible, as I do, to share his remarkable complacency in view of the murder of one of his faithful teachers at the post of his duty, and of the disgraceful occurrences in connection with the public schools of Iloilo and Manila (to mention no others) in which American women have been the victims. Of the murder of Principal Allen in Samar I do not intend to speak now. He was a man, and an American, and as a rule the American



man can take care of himself, even under the least favorable conditions. But I cannot pass over the treatment that certain of our American women in these Islands have recently received. Less than this I cannot say: That it shames me beyond words to express to know that an American official could bring American women thousands of miles away from their homes and their friends, place them amidst circumstances which at the best are not good, then by his own act make those circumstances a hundredfold worse, the while doing nothing that deserves to be mentioned to give them that protection that any woman has a right to expect, and finally, when one of these women raises her weak hand in defence of her womanly dignity, that she should receive a slap in the face from the hand that beckoned her across the sea, and her

humiliation heralded from the house-top to please the natives, by the voice of him whose faithful servant she had been. Less than this I cannot say.

One other thought refuses to remain unuttered. It is this: That if these occurrences are the legitimate outcome of the effort to carry out the present policy in these Islands, Doomsday for the policy and those who pin their faith to it is coming on apace. I know my country will not continue to stand for such a policy. The blood that leapt like fire through my veins these past few weeks, as I have listened to American women tell of the gross indignities put upon them by dirty blackguards in the schools of this city, tells me that. Doubtless it will be said in official circles that the occurrences to which I refer are mere straws, and because such are not to be thought on after this manner.

Granted, for a moment, that they are. I answer that they are straws that point unmistakably to the precipice toward which the current of native thought is at this moment being allowed, if not encouraged, by a weak and apologetic policy to run.

Face to face with what I cannot but consider an untoward condition of affairs in these Islands, I ask myself the crucial question: Do I, or do I not, approve of what is known as "The McKinley Policy" for the government of the Philippine Islands, of which policy the present Secretary of War, with his cry, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," is the acknowledged protagonist? My answer is: How can I not approve of the policy?

On its face, it seems to me to be the noblest, the most Christ-like policy to which any nation ever committed itself. I do most heartily approve of

it. Even if I knew the policy was doomed to failure, so far as the Filipinos are concerned, I could hardly withhold my approval from it.

But I make one absolute proviso. And that is, that the policy shall be carried out in a Christ-like manner.

What do I mean by a Christ-like manner? I mean the very reverse of a weak-kneed, cap-in-hand, apologetic manner. Armed with a mind conscious of rectitude, He stood upright and vital always. He ever spoke and acted openly, frankly, fearlessly, teaching as one having authority. He was ever loyal to the royal purpose in Himself and in His Mission. He never discredited His Father's good name or the citizenship of His Kingdom—by deed, or word, or nod, or innuendo, or omission. He marched up Calvary every inch a King. It was a King, upright, vital, full of king-

becoming attributes, not a wheedling beggar, who was lifted up upon the Cross. Therein lies its mighty significance.

Again I say, our Christ-like policy must be carried out in a Christ-like manner.

And here's the rub.

For, at this stage of our Philippine experiment, there is grave reason to fear that our Christ-like policy is to be carried out not in a Christ-like manner, but in an Eli-like manner—a weak-kneed, cap-in-hand, apologetic manner.

And what adds to the sting of the shame of it is the fear that the motive for making Eli the Patron Saint of the American Government in the Philippines is not a disinterested one. Rumor says—and if she lies she deceives even those who stand nearest the elect—that our altruistic

experiment is being manipulated for the ignoble purpose of smoothing the way to the White House and the Malacañang Palace of certain well-known aspirants for these high places.

The overweening desire of the powers that be to "make a fair show in the flesh," to-wit, in the Reports of the Philippine Commission, lends color to this rumor. The official god of to-day seems to many sober minds to be the God of Numbers. Quick rather than permanent results seem to be in demand. Rightly or wrongly, the impression is abroad among American school teachers that they must, at whatever cost, keep their schools full, or incur the displeasure of the higher authorities: that what is expected of them is, first, to please the natives, second, to placate the natives, thirdly, to grin and bear the insolence of the intractable, and, lastly, to teach the

natives. Solomon is the *bete noire* of the Department of Education. The teacher who carries even a walking stick—unless it be a candy walking-stick—is liable to be reprimanded. If one is to believe half the current outcries one hears and reads the conditions under which many of our American school teachers are forced to carry on their work are well-nigh intolerable. The order of the day everywhere seems to be: Quantity not quality. It has been officially intimated that the surest way to preferment is the practice of the Malvolio smile.

But, even if this fear (that the motive that lies back of our present Eli-like effort to carry out our Christ-like experiment is not disinterested) be unfounded, the shameful fact remains that American citizenship has been discredited under Civil Government

in the Philippines. It is a matter of the commonest observation that the native—especially the native who has risen to the dignity of a collar and a pair of shoes—looks upon an American as distinctly inferior to an Englishman or a European. Within the past six weeks, in many parts of these Islands, the name American has been put to an open shame. And nothing has been done, nothing is being done, to restrain the vileness of the sons of Eli.

I hesitate to say it, but my wounded self-respect as an American citizen demands it: It looks to-day as if the cry "The Philippines for the Filipinos" was being interpreted to mean "The Philippines for the Filipinos—Americans in the Philippines be damned," and as if those high in authority were not unwilling that the interpretation should stand—ignoring the

fact that the very ground upon which the platform stands from which our altruistic policy was announced was cleared in no small part by the hands of Americans in the Philippines, and could not be carried out without the aid of Americans in the Philippines.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. God grant that what seems to me to-day to be madness on the part of our Civil Government and what I am sure is madness on the part of those Filipinos who are taking advantage of the weak permission of that Government to play the fool, be but temporary madness. For, should it turn out to be permanent madness, and the name American become a by-word in these Islands, my American blood tells me what fate awaits our American House of Eli and those who are sowing the wind by reason of their trust in its weakness. What

fate but downfall could be in store for the one? What fate but destruction could be in store for the other? I know it is not the purpose of my country to sell out her sons and daughters in the Philippines upon any terms, much less for a campaign song. I know—I seem to see a cloud of bloody witnesses to the truth of what I say—I know that he who taunts the Anglo-Saxon tempts Providence. Were I a Filipino I would count no man a friend of mine who tempted me to arouse the man of rage who sleeps in the bosom of the people in whose mighty keeping these Islands rest.

The Papal Flag in the Philippines*

I

In the *Manila Times* of February 13th, under the heading: "Rooker Raises Katipunan Flag Side by Side With Old Glory—Church Emblem Over Both"—appeared the following statement:

"A sensation has been caused in Iloilo and the surrounding country by the degradation of the American flag by Bishop Rooker of the diocese of Jaro.

"According to a most reliable report received here by a prominent official who refuses to allow his name to be

*Published in The *Manila American* of April 1st, 1906, under the title: "The Proper Place of the Papal Flag in the Philippines—The Opinion of an American," over the signature of the author.

disclosed, upon the feast day of Jaro, there was flown from the top of the tower in the plaza of Jaro, Iloilo, presumably by the order of the Bishop, a large Katipunan flag, storm size, on a level with the Stars and Stripes. Over both of these flags there was flown the flag of the Roman Catholic Church, signifying that the authority of the Church was supreme over that of the State, and that the banner of the Vatican was superior to the emblem of the American Government.

“This was the interpretation placed upon the arrangement of the flags by all who observed them. Americans and Filipinos are said to have been indignant over the incident, and several protests are understood to have reached Manila.”

As no public denial of this statement, in whole or in part, has been made, either by Bishop Rooker or by

any one in his behalf, and as no explanation of the incident has ever been offered, it may now be fairly presumed that the facts contained in the statement are true, and also that the general interpretation of the meaning of the facts has not been displeasing to the Bishop. A very slight acquaintance with the career of Bishop Rooker since his arrival in the Philippines makes it impossible to think of him as the kind of a man who suffers himself to be brought as a lamb to the slaughter; who when oppressed and afflicted, opens not his mouth;—which is no more than to say that he is not a very extraordinary kind of man: for, as we shall presently see, even the genial Archbishop of Manila has his limits of endurance.

What was the effect of this incident upon the acting Governor General and the other members of the commission

I do not know. So far as the public knows it produced no effect. That they knew of it goes without saying, whether it ever came before them in the shape of a formal protest or not. Presumably none of them liked it. No disinterested American could have liked it.

Nor could any far-seeing, patriotic Filipino have liked it. As the plaza in Iloilo rose before their mental vision, and they saw the yellow and white flag of the Pope flying above the emblem of American nationality and the emblem of the hope of the Filipino for nationality, while I am sure they did not take the matter seriously enough to cause the joints of their loins to be loosed, or their knees to smite one against another, or perhaps even a change in their countenances, their thoughts must have been troubled—just a little.

For, the American Commissioners knew that it had never been seen after this fashion in America, and a moment's reflection must have told them what bitter memories such a sight awakens in the minds of the overwhelming majority of English-speaking people. And the Filipino Commissioners, knowing somewhat by hearsay of the price paid by the Anglo-Saxon for freedom of thought and speech, especially in matters religious, and remembering the ecclesiastical tyranny practiced in these islands less than a decade ago, and looking forward to the day when the flag that is now but the emblem of a hope shall be the emblem of Filipino nationality, could not but have had misgivings by reason of the position of the papal flag;—supposing, of course, that they reflected upon the sight.

But whatever effect the incident, and the protests called forth by the

incident, produced upon the Commissioners, they adopted the Tar-Baby's policy and "kep' on sayin' nothin'." So far as the interested public knows, they asked for no explanation, and made no protest, not even on the low ground that such an arrangement of the flags was inexpedient.

Could it be that our lords were sleeping, forgetful of the two maxims so dear to the heart of our American forefathers, "Resist beginnings," and "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty?" Surely not.

Could it be that, in view of the fact that in the past our representatives had been so careless of the rights of the people, and so careful of the rights of the priests, they thought it rather too late to begin safeguarding the rights of the people? Possibly; but let us hope not.

Anyway, the incident was ignored by those in authority, and Americans and Filipinos were left to settle for themselves the question whether it is a virtue or a vice for a people to have a godly jealousy for the honor of the emblem of their nationality.

The effect of the incident upon Filipinos in Manila who take no thought for the morrow, or, perhaps it would be fairer to say, who look into the future, but less far than human eye can see, was rather favorable to Bishop Rooker, judging from expressions of opinion in the local native press. The ancient trick of throwing a sop to Cerberus worked, especially in native newspaper circles in Manila. The attention of our Filipino editors was so riveted on the Filipino flag flying on a level with the American flag that few of them ever lifted their eyes to see the flag flying above both of

them, and fewer still, perhaps, took their thoughts off of the native flag long enough to think of the significance of the papal flag.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon this feature of the incident. I shall merely make two remarks upon it, and pass on.

First: If one may judge by reports that reach Manila from Panay from time to time, the Bishop of Jaro has not yet let his sympathies with native life wade out far enough to be in any danger of being caught and swept out into the uncharted sea of Philippine politics by the undertow of native aspiration for independence. Therefore I spoke of the placing of the native flag on a level with the American flag as a trick. It was a trick, a cheap trick, a mere sop to Cerberus. That the trick was intended to be harmless I make no doubt. But how easily it could become a snare!

Second: I have no disposition to anathematize the Filipino who loves the so-called Katipunan flag. How could I when there hangs in my home the picture of the flag of the Southern Confederacy, under which my father fought against the Stars and Stripes? But I would warn such a Filipino not to think, and to look askance at any one who by word or deed would teach him to think, more highly of the emblem of his "Lost Cause" than he ought to think. To believe that this flag's place is above, or even on a level with, the American flag before which it went down, would be to think of it more highly than he ought. And so to think would be to invite ruin. From the moment the Confederate flag went down before the Stars and Stripes no Confederate ever presumed so to think of his flag, although he had paid a price for it

never so much as dreamt of in Filipino philosophy. Once his cause was lost, he accepted the fact. His flag stood for a dead issue. It was a dear relic, no more. And whatever the future may hold for those Filipinos who avail themselves of the opportunities given them by the American government, for the present the Katipunan flag stands for a dead issue, no more. *Verbum sap.*, I say, *verbum sap.*!

It is hardly necessary to say that the action of Bishop Rooker was exceedingly distasteful to Americans in Manila as well as throughout the Islands. There was a general feeling of indignation, and a general expectation that the Governor General would at least express his disapproval of the Bishop's action, followed by a feeling of disappointment in many quarters and of disgruntlement in some when nothing was said or done. If there

were exceptions, I am inclined to think that they were limited almost wholly to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. Certainly I heard no expressions of approval from the American Roman Catholic laity, and did both hear in private and read in the press expressions of decided disapproval on their part of Bishop Rooker's action. Among Americans the action was almost universally deemed reprehensible, and condemned publicly and in private.

Finally, on February 22, after the powers that be had "kep' on sayin' nothin' " for nine days, the criticisms of Bishop Rooker reached a climax in a letter published in the *Manila Times* under the caption "Catholicism and Americanism" over the signature of "Veritas." Who "Veritas" is I do not know. He is an American, beyond the peradventure of a doubt. A Roman

Catholic friend of mine—a good American—who does know “Veritas” tells me that he is very far from being a know-nothing; that he is a man of liberal information, and that he has not only a good knowledge of Spanish but also of Latin. I confess that after reading the letter I was quite prepared for this estimate of the writer of it, although I did not and do not agree with his statement that “to talk about an American Catholic is to talk nonsense, because Catholicism and Americanism are mutually exclusive and irreconcilable.”

In this letter “Veritas” professed to be surprised that any one should be astonished at the action of Bishop Rooker, saying that in his opinion the Bishop was simply strictly following the unquestioned teaching of his faith.

In substantiation of this view, and of the statement quoted above, the


writer set forth certain American principles which he found grouped together and condemned as errors in belief in an authorized version of "El Catecismo de la Doctrina Cristiana Explicada" prepared by Mazo and "widely circulated." Among these condemned principles were: (1) The sovereignty of the people, (2) Liberty of thought and of the press, (3) The subjection of the church to the civil power, (4) Liberty of worship and of conscience, and (5) The separation of church and state.

Acting upon the suggestion, first of "Veritas," and then of the Archbishop, I secured a copy of this catechism, which is now before me, and looked up the citations made by the author of the letter. There can be no question that the principles referred to are very plainly condemned in this catechism. I am not prepared to say that the text

of the condemnation is in no degree diluted by the context, but if this is the case, the dilution partakes of the nature of a "dark saying" which would be altogether lost on the way-faring man for whom the catechism was prepared, even though he were something less than a complete fool.

I come now to the phase of this incident which interests me most, for the reason that it helped me to see more clearly than I had been able to do before how it is that a Roman Catholic may be a good American.

The letter of "Veritas" called forth a reply from Archbishop Harty, which was published in *The Manila American*. The Archbishop, laying aside for a moment the "matters of peace and national loyalty" with which he was occupied, and regretting the necessity for taking a step that might further "disturb by a religious controversy



the beautiful harmony which exists between the non-Catholic and Catholic people of this community," entered the arena with the roar of a lion, and seizing "Veritas" as though he were a lamb, shook him until every man with a drop of the milk of human kindness in him trembled not only lest he should be stripped to utter nakedness and forced to beat a hasty and shame-faced retreat, but also lest he should be torn limb from limb.

The Archbishop took his stand upon the fact, the indisputable fact, that there are, and from the days of the Declaration of Independence there have been, Roman Catholics in America of whose good citizenship no fair-minded man entertains doubts now, nor did in times past. I confess that so long as the Archbishop kept his feet upon this fact, I felt very sorry for "Veritas," for he could find no resting

place for the sole of his foot save a syllogism; and facts, especially human facts, laugh at logic.

But the moment the Archbishop removed his feet from this fact, the tables were turned. "Veritas" landed on both feet on the facts he had produced with regard to the un-American teachings authorized by the Roman Catholic Church, and from that time on he had the Archbishop at his mercy, as all spectators plainly saw, despite the cloud of dust raised by the hard words hurled by the kindly Archbishop (one not easily vexed, perhaps, "but, being wrought, perplex'd in the extreme") at his antagonist, now facing him with facts fixed bayonet-like.

It is not unfair to say that the Archbishop, who in his reply to "Veritas" came in like a lion, went out like a lamb, a bleating and bedraggled lamb.

He made it clear in his first roaring onslaught that "Veritas" was in the wrong when he asserted that "to talk about an American Catholic is to talk nonsense." But he said absolutely nothing either to discredit or to explain the facts brought forth by "Veritas" as evidence of the un-American teachings sanctioned by the highest authorities in the Roman Catholic Church.

So, while some of us were convinced that a Roman Catholic may be a good American, the Archbishop left us in ignorance as to how this may be.

DID THE ARCHBISHOP HIMSELF KNOW HOW A ROMAN CATHOLIC MAY BE A GOOD AMERICAN—HOW ROMAN CATHOLICS HAVE BEEN GOOD AMERICANS? I THINK SO. WAS THE ARCHBISHOP FREE TO SAY HOW A ROMAN CATHOLIC MAY BE A GOOD AMERICAN—HOW RO-

MAN CATHOLICS HAVE BEEN GOOD AMERICANS? I DO NOT THINK SO.

Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak—let me presume to speak a little further and say what I think the Archbishop might have said, had he been at liberty to do so, and what, had it been said, would have answered “Veritas,” not fully, perhaps, but satisfactorily. But I must do this in my next paper.

The Papal Flag in the Philippines*

II

How, then, may a Roman Catholic be a good American? In the same way, of course, in which Roman Catholics have been good Americans in times past.

Among these good American Roman Catholics of the past was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of that most uncatholic document, from a papal point of view, the Declaration of Independence: for the spirit which produced the Ninety-five Theses nailed to the door of the castle church in Wittenberg on October 31st, 1517, was

*Published in the *Manila American* of April 8th, 1906, under the title: "The Proper Place of the Papal Flag in the Philippines—The Opinion of an American," over the author's signature.

the self-same spirit that produced the proclamation made in Philadelphia on July 4th, 1776, (the only difference being that in the former instance the author was thinking more especially of man's spiritual freedom, and in the latter the author was thinking more especially of man's political freedom: the spirit of defiance against tyranny, in whatever realm, breathes and burns in both documents). Roman Catholics may be good Americans, I say, in the same way in which Roman Catholics have been good Americans in times past.

And how have Roman Catholics been good Americans? Shall I say, By being bad Roman Catholics? No, I will not say that. And no Roman Catholic dare say it unless it be *sotto voce*. No Roman Catholic dare say it aloud today. Not the living Pope, who may or may not believe it. Not the College of Cardinals, which cer-

tainly does believe it. No, I will not say that Roman Catholics have been (and therefore may be) good Americans only by being bad Roman Catholics. Rather will I say that *Roman Catholics have been good Americans by being better than their creed*. Less than this I cannot say without flying in the face of historical records the authenticity of which no student of history, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, would question for a moment. I hope it is not offensive to say this. If in the judgment of any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic (I have no fear of the judgment of any fair-minded, intelligent Roman Catholic layman), what I have said is the same as to say that Roman Catholics have been good Americans only by being bad Roman Catholics, he must make the charge against Charles Carroll and the other American Roman Catholics who were not only

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filled with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, but so fired and strengthened by it that they helped to hurl down to the ground and trample under foot the enslaving lies against which it was directed: I will not do it.

Far from it. I call them and their political descendants in America the very best of all Roman Catholics, the saving remnant, the salt and the light, of the Roman Catholic Church. Am I filling the cup of praise of these patriotic American Roman Catholics too full to please the Archbishop who held it up? I hope not. He ought not to be displeased at this response to the toast he proposed to these fellow-citizens of ours. No far-seeing Roman Catholic will be. For, but for such Roman Catholics as Charles Carroll in the past, and such Roman Catholics as Mayor Fagan of Jersey

City, Vice-Governor Smith, and Secretary of Navy Bonaparte, in the present, who have inspired in their non-Roman fellow-citizens the belief that American Roman Catholics are, as a rule with few exceptions, better than their creed (better than certain things they are taught to believe even in the best of their catechisms), the Roman Catholic Church would have little standing in America to-day, and the door of every public office of trust would be closed against its members.

Let me make it perfectly clear what I mean by speaking of a Roman Catholic as being better than his creed, better than certain things he is taught to believe even in the best of his authorized catechisms.

Perhaps the most enlightened catechism ever published by the Roman Catholic Church is what is known as "The Baltimore Catechism," the full

title of which is "A Catechism of Christian Doctrine Prepared and Enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore." A copy of this catechism was given to me about a year ago by a friend of mine who received a number of them from the Archbishop for distribution among English-speaking people in the Islands. I have looked through the little book with some interest, and with a desire to be as generous as possible in my estimate of it. It certainly is a vast improvement upon the catechism of Mazo. Were this catechism properly translated and put in use among Filipino Roman Catholics throughout the Archipelago, a perceptible step in the right direction would be taken. But even in this Catechism there appears the following teaching:

In answers to questions 522, 523, 524 and 525: "The attributes of the

Church are three: authority, infallibility, and indefectibility. Authority is the power which one person has over another so as to be able to justly exact obedience. Rulers have authority over their subjects, parents over their children, and teachers over their scholars. All persons must derive whatever lawful authority they possess from God Himself, from whom they receive it directly or indirectly. Therefore, to disobey our lawful superiors is to disobey God Himself, and hence such disobedience is always sinful. By the authority of the Church I mean the right and power which the Pope and the Bishops, as the successors of the Apostles, have to teach and govern the faithful."

And in answer to questions 538, 539, 540 and 541: "The Pope must sometimes warn us on political and other matters, because whatever na-

tions or men do is either good or bad, just or unjust, and wherever the Pope discovers falsehood, wickedness or injustice he must speak against it and defend the truths of faith and morals. He must protect also the temporal rights and property of the Church committed to his care. By the temporal power of the Pope we mean the right which the Pope has as a temporal or ordinary ruler to govern the states and manage the properties that have rightfully come into the possession of the Church. The Pope acquired the temporal power in a just manner by the consent of those who had a right to bestow it. He was deprived of it in an unjust manner by political changes. The temporal power was useful to the Church (1) Because it gave the Pope the complete independence necessary for the government of the Church and for

the defence of truth and virtue. (2) It enabled him to do much for the spread of the true religion by giving alms for the establishment and support of Churches and schools in poor or pagan countries."

This teaching is part and parcel of the "true Catholic faith" which every Roman Catholic is presumed to "freely profess and sincerely hold." Without such teaching no catechism could receive the "Imprimatur" of the Ecclesiastical Authority, or the "Nihil obstat" of the Censor Librorum, even in America. In the American edition of Bruno's "Catholic Belief," there is a Profession of Faith (page 210) "authorized by the Holy See for the whole of Christendom" and "constantly used in Rome for the reception of Protestants and schismatics into the Catholic Church." In this profession the convert, after having said, "I am ready

to observe all that she (the Church) commands me," says: "With a sincere heart, therefore, and with unfeigned belief, I detest and abjure every error, heresy, and sect opposed to the said holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church."

The Archbishop, in his reply to "Veritas," intimated that it was unfair to hold that such teaching as this was intended to touch the Roman Catholic in any such way as to interfere with his loyalty to his nation, or with such rights and privileges as are guaranteed to every American citizen.

When he did this, did the Archbishop really think that he was fairly expressing the mind of the sacerdotal powers that be in Rome upon this question of authority and obedience? If so, he must have studied the question solely by the light of American his-

tory, and even so, nodding just a little from time to time, especially about 1890. Certainly he has not studied the question by the light of English history, nor of European history. "How much better the state of Christendom would be now," says the Reverend J. Duggan, Roman Catholic priest of Maidstone, England, in "Steps Towards Reunion,"—the fairest book that has come from a Roman Catholic source since the Reformation, perhaps,—"How much better the state of Christendom would be now, if history could show one or two instances of the Popes having refused temporal authority."* Again, writing in defence of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics to England at a time when every possible pressure from Rome was brought to break down that

*This book, a copy of which is before me as I write, is on the Index.

loyalty, Father Duggan says: "These holy martyrs acknowledged Elizabeth as their queen after she had been excommunicated and deposed; they passed over in silence the Bull that was the cause of their death. Their silence was more eloquent than any words could have been. And it is well known that not only the martyrs, but all the Catholics of England, at that time remained firm in their allegiance to Elizabeth, so much so that they co-operated against the Spanish Armada which was to reestablish the Catholic religion in this land."* And Dr. Adolph Harnack, Rector and Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin, the greatest living ecclesiastical scholar—whom I have seen cited as

*Unfortunately, in the notorious cases of the Gunpowder Plot, and the Popish Plots in the reign of Charles II, the loyalty of the English Roman Catholics was somewhat impaired.

an authority by Bishop Keane* of the Church of Rome—said in the course of a famous series of lectures delivered a few years ago and published under the title of “What is Christianity?”

“Roman Catholicism must be regarded as part of the history of the Roman World-Empire. In the fifth century the Western Roman Empire perished of internal weakness and through inroads of the barbarians. What was left of what was Roman took refuge in the Roman Church. The Pope, who calls himself ‘King’ and ‘Pontifex Maximus,’ is Cæsar’s successor. The Church, which as early as the third and fourth century was entirely filled with the Roman spirit, has reëstablished in itself the Roman Empire. Nor have patriotic Catholics in Rome and Italy in every century from the seventh and eighth onwards understood the matter otherwise. . . The phrase ‘Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus triumphat,’ must be understood in a political sense. He rules on earth by the fact that his Rome-directed Church rules, and rules, too, by law and by force; that

*The first head of the Roman Catholic university in Washington, who was called to Rome to give an account of his stewardship, and decapitated, figuratively speaking, according to the practically unanimous belief of Americans, because it was feared by the Curia that he was endeavoring to Americanize the Roman Catholic Church.

is to say, it employs all the means of which states avail themselves. . . . Even the most exorbitant demand appears quite natural as soon as you only admit the truth of the two leading propositions: 'The Roman Church is the kingdom of God,' and, 'The Church must govern like an earthly state.' "

How the Archbishop could have made the strong intimation he did make as to the unfairness of "Veritas" in electing to think that the catechism of Mazo meant what it said, I am puzzled to understand, even when I think of him as having been so occupied with "matters of peace and national loyalty" as to have precluded the possibility of his reading up on English and European history as it has been affected by the policy of the Papacy. For surely there was under his very nose as he wrote an Italian lamp,* put there by the Italian hands which are still upon the helm of the Roman Catholic Church, by the light of which even he who runs could not fail to

*The Papal Delegate in Manila.

read the sense in which the terms "authority" and "obedience" are understood in the Roman Curia; unless it was that the Italian lamp was momentarily frightened by the flaring-up of the American lamp, and took unscriptural refuge under a bed. By the light of this Italian lamp, kept filled with Italian Standard Roman Oil, the Archbishop might have read, even while on the run, that less than fifty years ago the Holy Father had an army which went forth to battle under the earthly flag of the Pope, to slay and to be slain in defence of his temporal power; and that the one ground for the continuous performance in Rome of the farce called "The Prisoner of the Vatican" is that the Sacred College of Cardinals knows that it would if it could overthrow the present civil government of Italy and make the Pope king in fact as

he is in fancy. (But, fortunately, even the Italian Roman Catholic layman has learned to strike down the papal flag when, like 'the abomination of desolation' spoken of by Daniel the prophet, it appears where it ought not.) By the light of this Italian lamp, however hurried, the Archbishop might have read the recent Papal Encyclical called forth by the law separating Church and State in France, in which it is said, among other things, "We reprobate and condemn it, as gravely offensive to the dignity of the Apostolic See, our person, to the Episcopate, to the Clergy, and all French Catholics" (ignoring the fact that it took the votes of French Roman Catholic laymen to pass the law of Separation!), with the significant addition that the present is a time when, the state of European politics being what it is, unity in the French nation is more than ever

desirable; which Encyclical was followed by the statement by the Pope, in a recent interview, in which he was asked what he proposed to do, that it is not to be imagined that he will be "inert," but that something will certainly be done, even if it be done on the principle of 'Hasten slowly.' The London Church Times is my authority for this statement.

Now, I ask again, how may a Roman Catholic be a good American? And again I answer, By being better than his creed: by passing over in silent contempt those features of his creed which he knows to be the product of ambitious priestcraft: those worldly features that are grouped naturally under the papal flag: the flag being essentially the emblem of nationality. I respectfully invite a better answer.

It would not be difficult to show that the answer I have given was the unwritten law of conduct of every one of the good Americans whose names were mentioned with apparent pride by the Archbishop, and of every other member of the Roman Catholic Church who has so far won the confidence of the great body of the American people as to be entrusted with public office.

I have been told by a personal friend of one of those Americans for whose honor the Archbishop was so jealous that this American official has gone so far as to declare in tones audible throughout the Archipelago, for the benefit of whom it may concern, such a law of conduct as this. Said he: First: I am an American citizen. Second: I am an official of the American government under oath

for the faithful discharge of my duty.

Third: I am a Catholic.


Whether or not this declaration was made is relatively unimportant. What is important is that the way in which he has discharged his duty has created the belief in the bosoms of those Americans whose servant he is that he has been, and always will be, governed by some such law as this. Both in England and America the past century witnessed a growth in the confidence of the great bodies of Englishmen and Americans in the loyalty of their Roman Catholic fellow citizens. In England, in 1829, this confidence produced the Catholic Emancipation Act. In America, as the century drew to a close, it refused to countenance the anti-Roman Catholic movement fostered by the American Protective Association. While this movement developed considerable

strength at one time, showing that there was a feeling that certain American Roman Catholics were dabbling in American politics in an un-American way, the consensus of opinion soon showed itself to be that there were enough good Americans within the Roman Catholic Church in America to make it a safe and wise policy to discount heavily the facts adduced by the "A. P. A."

This growth in confidence is based, as I have already intimated, on the fact that there has come to be a new species of Roman Catholic, the American or Anglo-Saxon Roman Catholic, and not on the fact that any Englishman or American hates one whit less than he has always done the worldly features of the Roman Catholic Church which have so long played so conspicuous a part in her career, to her own, and to the world's, irreparable

loss. This is not a purely Protestant view. "Politics, statecraft, and the spirit of nationality often had a great deal to do with producing heresy and schism," says Father Duggan in his eloquent appeal to his Roman Catholic brethren to help to make the Reunion of Christendom a possibility; "so had vanity, self-interest and the determination not to give in... If we want reunion, it will never do for us Catholics to say absolutely that we have all along been right in everything, and that we cannot give in in anything."

It can no longer be denied that there is at work in the Roman Catholic Church a new spirit, which, though it has manifested itself in England, in Germany, and France, and even in Italy, I choose to call the American Spirit, the spirit that breathes and burns in the Declaration of Independence. In the book to which I have



referred, Dr. Harnack, at the conclusion of his lecture on Roman Catholicism, asks: "Will the Church be capable of maintaining itself in the great changes to come? Will it bear the increasing tension between it and the intellectual life of the people? Will it survive the decline of the Latin nations?" Now, my profound belief is, that, were it not for the existence of the growing American spirit in the Roman Catholic Church, of which the Roman Curia is so terribly afraid, and which it would kill if it could, the foregoing questions would have to be answered in the negative.

The Italian idea of a Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church has been weighed in the balances for upwards of a thousand years, and found wanting. It has been discarded in Germany. It has been discarded in England. It has been discarded in America. It

is being discarded in France. It has been discredited even in Italy.

Here in the Philippine Islands, too, where it had free swing for so long and wrought such havoc, it has received a blow from which it never will recover: no, never, unless the Filipinos are false to the memory of Rizal and their every highest interest. *This Italian idea must be killed.* Otherwise the future of these Islands will be but a repetition of the unhappy past. I think it will be killed. Certainly it will be if America does her common duty by the Filipino. Not long ago an educated Filipino of excellent standing, a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church, said to one of our Judges of the Court of First Instance: "I believe that unless the Catholic Church makes radical changes in her policy in the Philippine Islands in the near future, within the next ten

years the Islands will be wholly lost to her forever."

But one question remains to be asked. It is a question that can be answered by Archbishop Harty alone. He will answer it. Not with his lips or pen, perhaps, but none the less will he answer it. The answer will be known in a few years, here and in America. The question is this:

Is Archbishop Harty going to measure up to the full height of an American Roman Catholic, and so fulfil the expectation of all his American fellow-citizens, add to the honor of the name, render a unique service to the Cause of Christ, and help to send the Church of his love down the ages for another thousand years; or, is he going to be content to be a man of straw, an American emptied of the American spirit and stuffed with Italian straw, an American blind to another

Italian blunder—an American glove to an Italian hand,—and so bring contempt upon the name of American Roman Catholic, and help to send the Church of his love down to her grave? In other words, and more briefly, is Archbishop Harty, as an American Roman Catholic prelate in the Philippines, going to stand for the American idea, or go on all-fours, saddled and bridled, spurred and checked, for the Italian idea?

I hope in what I have said I have not gone too far afield from the advice given Timothy by that great mutual friend of the Archbishop's and mine, Saint Paul. "Rebuke not an elder," he said, "but entreat him as a father."

If I have, I am sorry—not for what I have said, but for having said it so clumsily.

The Devil's Auction

An Address delivered at the monument of Major General Lawton in the valley of the Mariquina River, near San Mateo, Memorial Day, 1906.

Fellow-countrymen: Why did we leave our homes in Manila this morning in a tropical down-pour, soon after day-break, and drive eighteen miles into the province of Rizal, fording swollen streams and wading through muddy fields, to this isolated spot on the bank of the Mariquina River where we now stand, bedraggled, about these five mute cannon fixed mouth downwards in this concrete pedestal that rises up from the centre of this unploughed paddy field?

To do honor, as best we may, to those who died on the field of honor.

How may we best do this? By covering this monument, and the

graves that lie yonder across the river, with flowers sprung from the soil made rich by the blood of our brothers who responded to our Country's call and brought our flag to these far-off Islands, and fell in defence of it, face-forward, on this and other fields? By bidding these steel-mouthed dogs of war break the peace of this beautiful valley and bark out their ominous, hot-breathed "Fare on! Fare well!" to those who once gripped and held them with firm, familiar hands? By bidding the bugler stand beside these warrior beds and set the wild echoes flying with those stirring notes that to the soldier's ear, living or dying, speak of home and heaven, of duty done and rest won?

So we are accustomed to honor our heroic dead. Well, let the ancient customs prevail! Let the graves be strewn with flowers! Aye, let each

be made as beautiful as though it were to be the bed of a bride! Let the three-fold volley be fired according to our wont! Let "Taps" be sounded! Let none of the customary rites of the valiant dead be omitted! They have their value. The spirits of those we commemorate to-day, which even now, it may well be, hover about us, will understand what we mean by these poor rites, and will read into them what we would say and do if we could.

But let us remember, brother Americans, that we shall best honor our brethren, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves but were obedient unto death to the vision of the American Spirit that led them across the Pacific, by making much and not by making little—aye, by making most—of what has been bought and paid for—and that not cheaply—with their

good American blood. That is, by seeing to it, so far as in us lies the power, that the drama begun by our Nation eight years ago, the second act of which required the sacrifice of their lives, is acted out to the end.

Not to do this—to lend the least countenance to those who would make light of the sacrifices made of and by Americans in the Philippines during the past eight years—were at once to dishonor those whom we seek to honor today, and ourselves, and to tarnish the lustre of the Stars brightened by their loyal blood. And this, if I mistake not the temper of Americans in the Philippines, we have a fixed mind not to do.

Therefore must we set our face like a flint against any man, or any set of men, in office or out of office, who could substitute for the noble drama which is now in progress here,

some opera bouffe of the Boston School of Scandal and Sentimentality; or that yet more despicable performance, "The Devil's Auction," which rumor says, again and again, has been written for the unpatriotic purpose and has found favor among those who sit in high places in Washington; or any other play, by whomsoever concocted or by whomsoever favored, the plot of which turns upon the lowering of the Stars and Stripes in the Philippine Islands before some flag not altogether unworthy to take its place has been born within this Archipelago under the protecting shadow of the American flag. And this, if I mistake not the temper of Americans in the Philippines, we have a fixed mind to do.

God being our helper, we do not propose to stand idly by while American honor is laid in the dust in the

Eastern Hemisphere. When that comes to pass, as it will come to pass if America is betrayed by sordid senators, cowardly congressmen, or sentimental scribblers, into making light of the libation she has poured out in these Islands during the past eight years, the beginning of the end of our national glory will be at hand. A dignified escape from the responsibility our Nation has assumed in this Archipelago is impossible. Having planted the American flag in the Far East, if it is withdrawn before it has worked its perfect work, America will lose countenance in the presence of half a billion people among whom perdition is less feared than loss of face. The Orient will titter and Europe will guffaw. John Bull will hold his sides laughing.

I conclude with this word of explanation to those Americans in the

Homeland in whose ears the foregoing words sound harshly. I bid them remember that we Americans in the Philippines are, as it were, the far eastern face of America, cheek by jowl not only with the Oriental but with the European in the Orient, and that as such we have felt with peculiar keenness the shame that every American with a sense of national integrity must feel over the repeated assertion that our country is ready to throw up the sponge in the Far East,—to sell out and skeedaddle, dragging her flag behind her. This assertion which has been ding-donged in our ears, taken in connection with the mean spirit displayed in the Senate towards the Islands, bears a sinister aspect that makes us speak tremblingly, at times, of America's pursuing the even tenor of her way in evil report as in good report.

America: The Good Samaritan*

“And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.” St. Luke X, 30.

Men, brethren, and fathers: We are met together here in the sight of God, first, to confess our sins of omission and commission, to ask forgiveness of the same, to render thanks for benefits received, to praise God, and to hear His most holy Word; and secondly, and somewhat more especially to-day,

*A sermon preached in the Church of St. Mary and St. John, Manila, June 17th, 1906, at the beginning of the campaign against gambling waged by the Moral Progress League, of the executive committee of which the preacher was at the time chairman. The result of the campaign, due in the main to the labors of Judge W. A. Kincaid, of Manila, was to lessen materially the evils of gambling. But much more remains to be done than has been accomplished.

to endeavor, in the light of God's Holy Spirit (which He is ever more ready to give than we to use) to arrive at a right judgment about a matter of vital importance to seven million human souls for whose well-being the United States of America has accepted the responsibility, and must give strict account to Almighty God.

Surely, no one present needs to ask, "What matter is this to which you refer?" Should anybody put this question, I would answer: "Art thou only a stranger in Manila, and hast not known the things which are come to pass here in these days? Hast thou not seen, hast thou not heard, hast thou not read, somewhat of the marvellous thing that has taken place in this city where representatives of every language and province of this Archipelago are met together? Dost thou not know,—hast thou not learned

from the many-tongued, varied-minded press, speaking now as with one mouth,—that a resurrection as from the dead has occurred which has made more stir in Manila than did the resurrection of Jesus in Jerusalem, and which bids fair to make as great a stir throughout these Islands, possibly throughout the United States, as His resurrection made throughout Judea? If not, then let me tell you in the fewest words possible the story of the wonderful thing that has come to pass here in these days.”

The besetting sin of the people of these Islands, they themselves being witnesses, is gambling. The fullest confession of this fact, and of the evils that flow from it, and the strongest condemnation of the sin, have come from the lips of Filipinos. Rizal “who being dead yet speaketh” as no other mortal can speak to the native

heart, in the chapter of "Noli Me Tangere" called "La Gallera," in which he draws a graphic picture of the cock-pit and the evils that come to birth there, says: "La riña de gallos, pasión introducida en el pais y explotada hace un siglo, es uno de los vicios del pueblo, mas trascendental que el opio entre los chinos." And the cock-pit, let it be understood as every Filipino does understand, is, first, last, and all the time, a gambling-house and nothing but a gambling-house, run by a professional gambler (frequently of infamous character), not to divert, but rather to pervert, and not merely to pervert but to subvert—to ruin utterly—every man that crosses its threshold.

Every Filipino whose eyes have not been blinded by a long career of professional gambling, or by crime, sees, written over the door of every cockpit,

these words: "Abandon hope ye who enter here." Not more clearly did Belshazzar, that night he drank wine from stolen vessels in company with a thousand of his lords, see the mysterious finger write on the wall of his palace, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

From time to time, for I know not how long, the voice of some Filipino, more deeply conscious than his fellows of the sinfulness of the besetting sin of his people, and of the heritage of blasted hopes and homes handed down by one gambling generation to the next, has been lifted up in protest against the vampire-like vice of gambling. Not like a trumpet, perhaps, giving forth no uncertain sound, has the voice been lifted up. Sometimes the cry of protest has been almost inarticulate, and, save to keenly sym-

pathetic ears, inaudible: the voice,
as it were, of

An infant crying in the light
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

But, at other times, it has been articulate enough, and as strong as any one had a right to expect it to be: too strong, I think, to have been ignored without blame attaching to some one.

Surely, the protest of Rizal must have been heard and understood by many, and no man who heard it and heeded it not, whether Spaniard or Filipino, can be accounted blameless.

Surely, the protest of Aguinaldo and those Filipinos that gathered about him at Malolos, who with their trembling hands, just released from the grip of the gambling Spanish government, framed a law prohibiting absolutely cock-fighting and every form of gambling—surely, this protest, this

act of protest, speaking so much louder than words, must have been heard and understood by many; and no man who heard it and heeded it not, whether Spaniard, or Filipino, or American, can be accounted blameless. Very far from it. Indeed, I dare say, if the representatives of the American Government, whether military or civil, consciously undid the good work done by the Malolos government in its patriotic effort to suppress gambling, in that respect, we Americans showed ourselves less worthy of holding the reins of government here than those Filipinos who snatched the reins from Spanish hands and held them momentarily. When we Americans reopened the cock-pits throughout the Philippine Islands, we prized up the lid of Pandora's Box, which had been nailed down by native hands, and let fly a thousand ills upon a feeble folk.

When, in addition, we suffered two infamously crooked gambling institutions, under the thin disguise of racing associations,—the notorious Manila Jockey Club and the notorious International Jockey Club,—to grow up and flourish here, and find peculiar favor in the eyes of our attorney-general and prosecuting attorney and at the hands of our police, we sat unprotesting while God's Eighth Commandment was amended to read, *Thou Shalt not Steal—except at San Lazaro and Pasay.*

Again, surely, the formal protest of the Filipino Agricultural Congress, held in this city within the past year, composed of representatives from all parts of the Islands, must have been heard and understood by many; and no man who heard it and heeded it not, whether American or Filipino, whether within or without the walls of the

Ayuntamiento, can be accounted blameless.

Seeing how vain these various protests proved to be, were the Filipino people as wanting in spirit and aspiration as some of us Americans have sometimes been tempted to think they are, it would be too much to expect that any further protest against the deep-rooted, wide-spread, daily-increasing evil of gambling would come from the Filipinos themselves.

Nevertheless, some months ago, another cry of protest did come from the Filipino people. And with one exception, the voice that uttered it was the clearest, strongest, most trumpetlike voice that had, up to that time, been lifted up against the arch-enemy of the Filipino. I mean the voice of *El Renacimiento*, that paper that more than any other organ of speech speaks to and from the Filipino heart;

that paper that signifies almost as much to the patriotic Filipino, especially if he be of the new generation, as the Stars and Stripes do to a patriotic American.

This voice of the Soul of this people, after crying out for help in the wilderness of blasted hopes for I know not how long, brought forth some response: some response from those who had, in the sight of God and all the nations of the earth, assumed the responsibility for the well-being of the inhabitants of these Islands. An American—a newspaper-man—heard the cry, and although not greatly moved by it, called the attention of another American to it. This second American, hearing the voice, was thrilled by it; and seeing the vision of sin that rose before his eyes as he listened to the pathetic protest against the abomination of desolation that had so long

been allowed to sit where it ought not, he was moved with deep moral indignation. He rushed up to the housetops of this city and cried out loud and long to the passersby and the powers that be to come to the help of the pleading Soul of a people in the death-grip of a mighty adversary.

The answer to this appeal was—silence. It fell dead on the ears of the powers that be. Once and again a passer by nodded approval; a few words with the war-paint off were spoken by way of commendation. But when desperate ills demand a speedy cure all save action, or words that are half-battles and commit to action, is silence.

However, when it was beginning to look as if that tide

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
had not yet come; or had come, been

omitted, and gone, and that henceforth the Soul of this people, scuttled of moral aspiration, was to be bound in the shallows and miseries of mere politics and commerce, the ringing voice of a third American, crying "I'm coming!" broke the silence. Then, another, and yet another, and still another American voice took up the cry. Then, a chorus of American voices cried, "We are coming!" Next, and somewhat to the surprise of this little band of Americans, a great chorus of native voices took up the cry, and shouted, "We are coming too!"

A little later, these Americans and Filipinos met together, and, standing hand in hand, spoke out from the depths of their hearts. The meeting marked an epoch in the history of America in the Philippines. It has been declared by many who took part in it to have been the most democratic

and the most spontaneous meeting of Americans and Filipinos that has yet occurred. The crowd that filled and surrounded the chapel in which the meeting was held was carried up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the moral earnestness of the speakers, both Filipino and American. However it may have been with the house, there was not a heart that was not shaken by deep emotion. Like a rushing, mighty wind, the feeling that the fulness of time for the moral redemption of a people had come swept through and through the mixed multitude that filled and overflowed the house. Men whose tongues had oft-times been used as sharp swords against one another, moved by the Spirit whose presence every man felt, spake that night with other tongues.

Looking back upon this remarkable meeting, and thinking of its represent-

ative character, especially from a native viewpoint, the profound conviction that those who met together then and there had a right to speak in the name of the Soul of the entire Filipino people has grown, not only upon those who were present, but upon this entire community.

Standing here to-day, O my people, ten days after this meeting, and letting my mind run back to it, and my heart run out to the struggling Soul of these people whom we have sworn in the sight of God to succor, I seem to hear a mighty tramping, and the trembling voices of strong men singing: "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!" And my whole being takes up and re-voices the prophetic midnight cry with which our own land rang when the fulness of time had come for the abolition of human

slavery and the re-birth of the Republic:

“Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword,
His truth is marching on.
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

These, my brethren, are the things that have come to pass here in these days. A Resurrection of Moral Sentiment has taken place. A Moral Revolution has begun. *El Renacimiento de las Islas Filipinas* is a forthcoming fact.

In the face of these things, and under the power of the Spirit that I believe has brought them to pass, with some measure of the assurance of the prophetic voice that spoke to

Israel when God meant to wash and make her clean, I re-utter the ancient appeal, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord." Let us endeavor, my brethren, here and now, in our "great Task-Master's eye," to arrive at a right judgment as to our duty, and the duty of the representatives of the people of the United States of America, in the premises.

Shall we oppose, or shall we pass by, or shall we give succor to this moral movement for the liberation of the Soul of these island people from their besetting sin?

Let me tell you an old story, making here and there a comment to bring home to our bosoms that one of its many possible interpretations that best suits this business that now demands our consideration.

"A certain man," said Jesus, "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and

fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.”

Let us think of this man as the Soul of the Filipino people. Let us think of the thieves among whom he fell, and by whom he was robbed, and wounded, and left half dead, as the owners and operators of the two so-called racing associations in Manila, and of the cock-pits throughout the Islands, and all other professional gamblers, who are the protagonists in the exploitation of the besetting sin of gambling.

“And by chance,” so the story goes on, “there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.”

Let us think of this priest as a politician. Indeed, he was a politician. The priests of those times were the politicians.

The story continues: "And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side."

Suppose we think of this Levite as some man in private life, some man in whom the self-regarding instincts have so far over-shadowed the neighbor-regarding instincts as to permit him to think that self-preservation is not only the first, but the only, law of life.


"But a certain Samaritan," so runs the story, "as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him."

You know the story too well for me to go on with it. The good Samaritan, in our view of the parable, is, of course, the American Government.

That is the rôle our Government has undertaken to play in these Islands. This has been the burden of our song in the concert of nations ever since the first Civil Commission landed here.

But, before returning to the consideration of the questions asked above, let me put a supposititious case to you and then draw your attention to several points in the neighborly conduct of the Samaritan in the story.


Suppose when the Samaritan came where the robbed, wounded, half-dead man was, instead of giving him speedy succor, he had stood by and parleyed with him thus: "You seem to be in trouble. Why don't you cry out for help?" "Help!" the half-dead man faintly cries. "Why don't you cry out louder, and more distinctly?" demands the Samaritan. "Help," cries the half-dead man a little louder. "If you expect me to help you," the



Samaritan declares emphatically, "you must cry out louder than that." "Oh, sir, do you not see that I am nigh unto death? Help! Help! Help! I can cry out no louder; and if I could, perhaps the thieves would hear me, and return and kill me outright." "That's just the point," puts in the Samaritan. "I want those thieves to hear you. I see your need, and I am not unwilling to help you: But if I help you, I know full well I must reckon with those same thieves and their friends for having done so. When this day of reckoning comes, I would fain have it appear that I helped you because I had to, having been so greatly alarmed by your terrible outcry. Therefore, I must insist that you make the welkin ring with roars for help." Suppose the Samaritan had parleyed thus, would not this story be known as the Parable of the Bad

Samaritan? And how unutterably desperate had been the plight of the victim of the thieves! And how poor all mankind would be without the Parable of the Good Samaritan as Jesus told it!

Note that the Samaritan in the story realized at once the condition of the man he found by the roadside, and at once bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine. But note also, that he did not stop at this. Had he done so, and left the wounded man on the roadside to be set upon by the next gang of thieves that passed that way, I think he would be known as the Simple Samaritan. But he did not stop at this. He set the half-dead man upon his own beast. Note that he set him upon his own beast, not a meaner. And he took him to an inn, out of the reach of the robbers, and provided for him against



the day of his recovery. He was indeed a good Samaritan, and as wise as he was good.

Now, I ask again, shall we oppose, or shall we pass by, or shall we give succor to the moral movement for the liberation of the Soul of the Filipino people from the sin—and from the merciless hands of those whose despicable business it is to exploit the sin—by which it has been robbed and wounded and left half-dead?

Who could think for a moment of opposing this movement? What American could tolerate the thought that the representatives of our Government are disposed to set their faces against this movement? "No man, not a professional gambler or a criminal," earnestly declared a Filipino in the meeting at which the breath of life was breathed into this movement—"No man, not a professional

gambler or a criminal, can oppose this movement?" Does any man take exception to this declaration? Not I. And I think no man will, unless it be those referred to, or those, in their bad fellowship, whose eyes have been blinded by their bribes, or the palms of whose hands are itching for their filthy lucre.

I have no fears at all so far as open opposition to this movement is concerned. Such open opposition as it meets with will proceed from sources so disreputable as to afford convincing evidence in favor of the movement.

Well, then, shall we ignore the pathetic appeal that comes from the wounded Soul of these people and pass this movement by? or shall we throw ourselves into the movement and contribute our full share towards the accomplishment of the noble object it has in view?

In other words, seeing that we Americans, through our Government, have proclaimed to the world that we mean to play the rôle of the Good Samaritan towards the people of these Islands, shall we play the rôle according to the parable, or shall we make a pitiful pretence of playing it? Now that we have come to the place where this people lie—robbed, wounded, half-dead—shall we content ourselves with binding-up certain of their external wounds, pouring in political and commercial oil and intellectual wine, and then pass on, leaving them by the roadside to fall into the hands of the robber bands again: or shall we (remembering that the Author of this parable once asked, "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?") take note of the cry, aye, the movement, for deliverance from their besetting

sin and the exploiters of it that comes from the Soul of this people, and, setting them upon our own beast, take them to a respectable inn, and endeavor to provide for their entire well-being?

Surely, the answer to these questions is: It is the plain duty of all good Americans and of the representatives of the American Government to throw themselves into this movement and to contribute their full share towards the accomplishment of its purpose.

And yet, and yet, there is, unhappily, some reason to fear that the Philippine Commission is not fully prepared to give this answer. I confess that I have not as yet been able to banish altogether from my mind the fear that this present movement for the moral enfranchisement of the Filipinos will fail of succor at the hands of those whose especial duty I hold it to be both to stimulate and

to further to the uttermost movements of this character. This fear, when I bid it begone, takes refuge behind the fact that so little effort has been put forth by the Commission to check the pace of the passion of gambling, which has been accelerated since they came into power, and the terrible consequences of which they see as clearly and confess as frankly as any man; and it sustains itself upon the further fact that at least two direct appeals to the Commission through the Governor General for remedial legislation on the subject of gambling have been turned down within the past year, for the reason (so the negative answers affirmed) that the Commission, relying upon the judgment of its Filipino members, had come to the conclusion that it would be unwise for it to interfere in any material way with the ancient custom of gambling, and

had decided to leave the matter for the consideration of the prospective Filipino Assembly.

Nevertheless, I trust that sufficient reason and evidence are at hand to convict the members of the Commission that their decision is founded upon an error in judgment, and that when so convicted they will give heed to the voice behind them, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Let no one think for a moment that I mean to reflect discredit upon the motives of the representatives of our Government. I do not. It ought not to be necessary for me to say that I do not. I say it, however, lest the shadow of my deep conviction that their present position is untenable should fall upon them and momentarily blacken them in a way that I am very far from having the least desire to do. It is the conclusion of their

judgments, and this alone, that I call in question.

I venture to set forth the following (among many other) reasons why my profound conviction that it is the high duty of the Philippine Commission to do its utmost to succor and further the present moral movement has been unshaken by its negative answers to the appeals made to it. As to the evidence against the soundness of their conclusion, the city has been filled with it during the past ten days, and it is just beginning to come in. The Filipinos themselves, out of consideration for whom the Commission says it has refrained from passing anti-gambling legislation, are beginning to demand, through the press and their chosen leaders, that proper laws against gambling be enacted without delay.

It is true, as those in authority say, that gambling is an ancient and

almost universal custom among the Filipinos. But so was head-hunting among the Dyaks of Sarawak, Borneo, until the great Rajah Brooke appeared upon the scene, declared the custom to be bad, ordered it abandoned at once, emphasized the order by decapitating the first man who disregarded it, and soon changed the custom. Duelling was one time an ancient, honorable and general custom in the United States, and duels continued to be fought until the successful duellist was declared by the law to be a murderer in some States, and in others was disfranchised. I remember very well when the custom of gambling by means of the Louisiana State Lottery was a well-established custom throughout the Southern States. In the course of time it was seen to be a demoralizing custom by a small majority of the people of Louisiana, and, without apol-

ogy or delay, the custom was broken up. I also remember when it was almost as natural to see a Texan with a revolver as it is to see a Filipino with a rooster. It is no exaggeration to say that there were many Texans who were never separated from their six-shooters day or night, and who loved them with a love passing the native love of game-cocks, perhaps, of woman. If ever there was a custom firmly rooted among a people, it was "pistol-toting" among Texans. But the custom was a dangerous one. Many hearts were broken, many homes lighted, by reason of it. Not many years ago, those who held in their hands, not the revolvers, but the reins of government, realized that the custom was bad, was against public policy, and, without any ado whatever, without so much as serving notice on the pistol-carrying portion of the popula-

tion, they passed a stringent law against this time-honored custom, and showed they meant business by attaching a heavy penalty to the law; with the result that the custom passed away quietly in a green old age. What saith the poet, brethren? Saith he not.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world?

Hear that: "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." If God suffers not good customs to prevail forever,—and He does not,—how dare any man stand forth in defence of the right of a bad custom to pursue the even tenor of its evil way?

But, say those in authority, bad as the custom of gambling is among Filipinos, and destructive as it is of their well-being, we must not legislate against it until we feel sure that they

will understand our unselfish motive in doing so.

This statement sounds plausible; but the strength of it is sapped the moment we turn our eyes towards yonder little nipa shack that was blown down in the great storm of last September. The native family that lived in it calls it home no more. Why? Because the authorities enacted a law prohibiting the building or re-building of nipa houses within the fire limits of this city. Can you imagine any law that would fly more directly in the face of a simple people?

Of certain acts sanctioned by the authorities in their endeavors to exterminate the ladrones in Cavite Province I shall speak no further than to say that everybody knows that these acts not only flew in the faces of the Filipinos, but cut many of them to the quick.

But I cannot forbear making reference to the manner in which our Board of Health is authorized to carry on its work. Does it consider the prejudices, the habits, the customs, of the people? Are not the inhabitants of this (and every) city, native and foreign, vaccinated year by year, whether they will or no, whether they stand or flee? And if, despite the manifold regulations of the Board, any man, Filipino or other, is seized with small-pox, or any contagious disease, are his prejudices or protests or those of his family against the Board's enlightened method of dealing with such diseases considered? Does not the American Government, acting through the agents of the Board of Health, set him upon its own beast, as it were, and hurry him off to the Inn of San Lazaro, and provide for him in American fashion, without so

much as consulting his wishes, or those of his family or friends, and without apology or misgivings?

I am not criticizing the Philippine Commission for these several evidences of their earnest desire to protect the inhabitants of these Islands from the ravages of fire, ladrones, and disease. On the contrary, I applaud the faith of which the laws touching these matters are the expression. In the enactment of them, the members of the Commission declared their belief that if they did what they sincerely believed to be for the best interests of the Filipinos, they would be upheld at once by the better portion of the population and, within a time, by the larger portion of it. But if this be true of the efforts made by the Commission to save the houses of the natives from fire, their possessions from ladrones, and their bodies from

disease, what a serious indictment of Filipino character it would be to say that in the matter of public morals it would be foolish to look for any such appreciation!

But, say those in authority, seeing that remedial legislation upon the subject of gambling has been so long postponed, let it be postponed a little longer, a year or such a matter, and let such action as is taken be taken by the Filipino Assembly that is to be.

To this suggestion I make two objections, the one based upon good morals, the other, upon good common sense.

First, I ask, in God's name, why should the cup of misery, which even now is full to the brim with the blood drawn from the moral and commercial veins of this island people by the vampire-vice of gambling, be held to their lips another day? How dare we

Americans, who are responsible, in greater or less degree, for the present fulness of this cup, risk losing this opportunity of lowering and emptying it? To-day, Filipino eyes see ruin in the cup; Filipino lips are framing a protest against it. To-day, it is in our power to lower the cup, and, in part at least, to empty it. To-morrow—why, to-morrow, the eyes that see to-day may be blind, the lips that protest to-day may be dumb, and those upon whom we would thrust the responsibility of lowering the deadly cup may turn to us and say: How could you expect that feeble hands would do what strong hands hesitated to do?

This brings me to my second objection to the postponement of action upon this matter until the meeting of the Filipino Assembly. Taking it for granted the Assembly would, in the ordinary course of events, be

composed of a sufficient number of disinterested and patriotic Filipinos to take the lead in legislating against gambling, let me ask: Is there no fear, now that this subject has been so widely discussed, and the operators of the race-tracks, and cock-pits, and the other professional gamblers, have been put upon notice that the sources of their income are in danger of being cut off, that they will leave no stone unturned, no trick untried, no money unexpended, to pack the Assembly with representatives pledged to protect their interests? If any one thinks this is an idle fear, I bid him remember that the thieves have the poor people's money, and I tell him they mean to use it against the people. Even now, they are organizing, and threatening, and bribing. Everybody knows something of the extent to which bribery, direct or indirect, has been practiced

by at least one of the two so-called racing associations of this city in the endeavor to blind the eyes of the public to the misery for which it is responsible. I have no desire to exaggerate this danger, but, in my judgment, it is too real to be risked if it can be avoided.

Here I must stop. And yet my heart is not half unburdened. I could speak on and on and on. But surely, my brethren, my American fellow-citizens, it is not necessary to say more. Surely our duty, and the duty of the representatives of our Government, is too plain to be ignored. Surely, having assumed the rôle of the Good Samaritan towards the people of these Islands, we mean to play the rôle according to the Book.

A Patriotic Protest*

There is, said the statesman-preacher Solomon, "a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; * * * a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak."

In my judgment (and I think that I have the Spirit of God in this matter) the time has come to speak out in plain protest against the indignity suffered by the American Government and people upon more than one occasion at the hands of one who professes to be loyal to the foundation principles of our Government, and who, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands, has been the recipient of peculiar courtesies from America's representatives here.

*Read from the pulpit of the Cathedral Church of St. Mary and St. John, September 23, 1906.

At the inauguration of Governor-General Wright, Archbishop Harty was invited to take part in the inaugural ceremonies. He accepted the invitation. Afterwards, when he learned that another American, also called by God to preach His word, had also been invited to take part in these ceremonies, Archbishop Harty withdrew his acceptance: thereby virtually demanding of the representatives of the American Government such favored recognition of the Roman Catholic Church as they were bound, constitutionally, not to give.

At the inauguration of Governor-General Ide, despite the conduct of Archbishop Harty in connection with the inauguration of Governor-General Wright, he was invited to take part in the inaugural ceremonies. This second invitation, given as was the first in the name of the American people

by their highest representative in the Islands, Archbishop Harty declined to accept, upon the ground that he could take no part in the ceremonies unless the claims of the Roman Catholic Church were recognized to the exclusion of all other religious bodies.

For the third time, at the inauguration of Governor-General Smith, despite the un-American conduct of Archbishop Harty in connection with the two previous inaugurations, he was invited to take part in the inaugural ceremonies. This time, he alone was invited. The invitation was accepted. In accordance with his acceptance, it was stated on the official program of the inaugural ceremonies that there would be "Prayer by the Most Reverend Jeremiah J. Harty, D. D." But, at the last minute of the eleventh hour, even while the audience was waiting in the Marble Hall for the entrance

of those who were to take part in the inaugural ceremonies, Archbishop Harty asked to be excused from complying with his promise, and that the part assigned to him on the printed program be omitted. And thus it came to pass that the ancient and honorable American custom of calling upon the God of our Fathers in the more serious moments of our national life was set at naught for the first time upon the solemn occasion of the inauguration of an American governor in the Philippine Islands.

I can no longer keep silence. I must speak out. I must protest against this open indignity to the American Government. I must resist such an un-American beginning.

What shall I say? Now, only this: That in the name of that great body of the faithful followers of Jesus Christ, which taking as its watchword "Stand

fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," made the greatest protest against the yoke of bondage ever made by the human spirit; which has done most to keep Truth from perishing off the earth; which laid the foundation on which the fabric of the American Government has been erected, and in the principles of which every signer of the Declaration of Independence save one, and every president of the United States from George Washington to Theodore Roosevelt, was bred and nurtured,—aye, in the name of every American citizen whose earthly allegiance begins and ends under the Stars and Stripes,—I do most solemnly protest against the unseemly and un-American conduct of the American representative of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands.

The Reflex Value of the Philip- pines to America*

"And God sent me before you to preserve you a remnant
in the earth, and to save you alive by a great deliverance."
Genesis 45-7.

What a magnificent picture these words from the old Hebrew Epic put before us! What shall we name it—The Dramatization of a Young Man's Dream? See! Joseph who has added strength to strength even while sojourning involuntarily in a strange land, and suffered no subtraction from the buoyant faith and fine affections of his boyhood, stands before his troubled, trembling brethren, by whom he was once accounted a nuisance and sold and delivered into bondage, his eyes glistening with tears of joy as

*A sermon delivered in the Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John, Manila, June 23rd, 1907.

he pleads with them not to be grieved or angry with themselves because they sinned against him: "For," says he, in a burst of fraternal magnanimity that passes beyond the comprehension of his conscience-stricken brethren, "God did send me before you to preserve life... It was not you that sent me hither, but God."

With this old picture before us, than which it would be difficult to find a nobler in that record of the human spirit divine that we call literature, I ask your attention while I attempt to give an answer (I will not say the answer) to the following question that has often arisen in earnest American minds these past nine years:

Why did Providence ignore the Declaration of Independence and the farewell address of Washington and plant

the Stars and Stripes in the Philippine Islands?

When asked why America is here, we can give no better answer than this: Because God (call Him Providence or Destiny if you prefer), because God aroused America from her adolescent sleep, girded her while she was but half awake, and guided her hither, for an undreamt of purpose, and cast these Pearls of the Orient into her lap, saying, Occupy till I come.

This tremendous, unpremeditated flight of the Stars and Stripes across the Pacific, until they came and stood over the place where the First Republic of the Orient was to be born, took place (we are tempted to think) almost as it were in a vision. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." How significant these words of Him who has been called the Desire of Nations sound

in our ears whenever we sit and question, doubtingly, as did Peter after his strange vision at Joppa (of which we have just read) that flew so directly in the face of all his traditional prejudices and preconceived ideas of the Kingdom of Christ, what this unaccountable thing that has verily come to pass might mean!

Did God mean this thing for evil or for good? And if for good, then for whose good? America's good, or the good of the Filipinos? For both? So some of us have dared to believe, such is our faith in the wisdom and disinterested goodness of God (or Manifest Destiny), even as against Thomas Jefferson and George Washington. But then, trampling hard on the heels of this confession comes the crucial question, sometimes from within and sometimes from without:

Wherein is America to be benefited by this unique and costly experiment

in altruistic politics into which she has been divinely led, or rather dragged?

So far as the Filipinos are concerned perhaps enough has been said—even by them themselves: perhaps enough can now be shown, to justify the ways of God in this historical episode to all save the most obstinately purblind of our American sect of Scribes and Pharisees, who, having set God's Ninth Commandment at naught, sniff iniquity from afar in every most innocent act, and rejoice to hurl railing accusations against their brethren over-sea.

But what good commensurate with the cost of this national, or (shall I not say?) Divine experiment, is to come to America? For we Americans are not altogether altruistic, and the God of Nations knows this too well to expect us to act for long as though we were, supposing He desired us to do so.

The cost of this experiment, let it be admitted before we proceed further, has been heavy indeed—in money spent, in men killed, wounded and broken in health, in the lowering of moral standards on the part of many Americans who set foot on the shores of these summer isles, far too many of whom become, first the slaves, and then the swine of Circe, whose courts are ever wide-open here, and who ceaselessly lifts to the lips of reckless men the cup that drowns home-bred fancies and home-bred virtues. How heavy this cost has been who shall say? The records of it are not to be found save for the smaller part in the offices of the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Treasury. He who would read the full record of the cost must search for the greater part of it in the old homes of the young men who, breaking home ties often-

times inexpressibly dear, have come to the Philippines to do the work that must be done if our experiment is to have a fair chance of succeeding. There is almost no man here, no matter how honorably he may be doing his duty, whose presence here is not paid for by some one at home who is counting the days against his return. If this is so in the case of those who are living honorably here, it is more so in the case of those who have died here honorably; still more so in the case of those who have died here in dishonor; and most so in the case of those who are living here in such voluntary dishonor as they would not have dreamt of doing in the Homeland. It is not in figures in a report, but in the heart-beats of mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, wives and sweethearts and friends, that the cost of this experiment comes out in a clear and living way.

Once more, then, I put the question, What good commensurate with the cost is to come to America from this venture so far beyond her own borders?

That good is to come to America, and that not mere money good, as a result of this involuntary venture, every faithful, hopeful American believes. It goes without saying that if it was God who led us over sea, and not some diabolical Will-o'-the-wisp, good must come of it. Surely, right dear in the sight of God are the eighty millions of souls gathered from every nation under heaven, over whom the Stars and Stripes float. Surely God could not find it in His heart to use our nation to her own useless hurt for any purpose; certainly not for any Quixotic purpose. Americans will be slow to believe that God would let, much less cause, America to suffer, unless from the suffering was to come

that enlarged vision, that humility, that vital virtue, that something without which she could not adequately fulfil her divine duty to herself and to the world. It is a fundamental American belief, that never fails to shine forth in the night of adversity, however dull it may appear in the day of prosperity, that God loves our nation, and upon nothing do we bank so heavily as upon this belief.

Now for an answer to our crucial question. I venture to offer the following as an answer to it. Not necessarily the only answer, but an answer that will help the heart of every good American to stand fast and "not be afraid of any evil tidings."

The reward of America for her labors and losses in the Philippines will come in the reflex action of the Philippine Experiment upon America: Generally, by the widening of American

thought and the tempering of American character into fitness for World leadership: Particularly, by the influence upon home affairs of Americans who come to the Philippines.

So I thought while yet at home when the idea of coming to the Philippines first came to me in practical fashion. So I think after four years' residence in the Philippines, and with deepened conviction. My stock answer to those at home who urged me not to come here on the ground that there were grave problems to be grappled with, great tasks to be performed and heavy burdens to be borne there, was: Yes; but often times the best way to get a stalled wagon up a hill is not to stay in and whip the horses, but to get out, see from without what if anything is wrong, and put a shoulder to the wheel.

This view of the reflex value of the Philippines to America came back to me with fresh force a few days ago when I read in one of our local papers that the third assistant postmaster of the United States, who won his political spurs as auditor of the Philippine Islands, had called to his side in Washington a man with a long and honorable career in the insular civil service, for the purpose of introducing into the postal department the system of double entry book-keeping that has been tried and perfected in the Philippines.

This recall from voluntary exile of one who in exile has so strengthened himself in his particular vocation as to be fitted to give material aid in the solution of an important minor problem in the homeland, while in one view of it it may seem to be an insignificant matter, in another view,

to wit, the view we are now considering, it is full of significance. It may be but a straw, but I believe it shows the direction in which the wind is setting. And I believe that many a small deliverance, which, taken in the aggregate, will make a great deliverance of an economic sort, will come to the home government by the transfer to Washington from time to time of men who have been accustomed to see public business transacted somewhat differently, and, it may be sometimes, somewhat more deftly, than in the old-time Washington way.

But already, once we come to think of it, a thing of much greater significance than the call to Washington from the Philippines of either the third assistant postmaster or his expert accountant has taken place. Indeed, two things of real significance in this

connection have taken place. Let me make brief mention of them.

Joseph said to his brethren, following up the speech I have taken as my text: "God hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt." In the earlier part of the story we are told that "Pharaoh took off his ring 'from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand" and "made him to ride in the second chariot which he had," and said unto Joseph, "I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt," and that the people cried before him, "Bow the knee." Now is there not in the United States at this very time a man who stands somewhat in the relation to the President that Joseph stood to Pharaoh, *mutatis mutandis*? And where but here in these Islands did this man

whose influence at home is so great and so beneficial, if we are to believe half the reports we hear, find himself, and add the strength to strength that has made him not only a figure in national but also in world politics?

And where was it but in the Philippine Islands that the first American ambassador to Japan was molded and equipped? It is doubtful if any other man could have gone to that post at the critical moment at which he went carrying with him so large a measure of the confidence of his fellow-countrymen.

To turn from the political aspect of this matter to the commercial for a moment, who can doubt that by virtue of the experience of Americans in Cuba and the Philippines, the American merchant of the future must be a wiser and a better man?

Those who needed to learn the lesson have been taught, in part at least by their own countrymen overseas, that the name "American" cannot be made to cover a multitude of sins, either in tin cans or wooden boxes. American goods, to be acceptable even among Americans away from home, must be well made, of good stuff, properly packed and intelligently shipped. Henceforth the American merchant who attempts to do a foreign business on any other basis will sin against the light.

There is hardly a department of life in the States that might not, and therefore, ought not to, be bettered by the reflex action of Americans who have come to reside in the Philippines for a time. And what might be, assuredly will be, unless our patriotism proves, when put to the test, to be of poorer quality than that of those Jews of the

olden time whose exile in Babylon was far less voluntary and more stern than any moderns, save the Russians in Siberia, know anything about. Sitting by the rivers of Babylon, they wept when they remembered Zion. When a song was required of them in this strange land, this is the song they sang:

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
If I remember thee not;
If I prefer not Jerusalem
Above my chief joy.

This song breathes of the kind of patriotism that rebuilds walls, replants vineyards, re-peoples cities, and makes the desert blossom as the rose. By virtue of it, under God, a great deliverance was wrought. With such patriotism,—the patriotism that never forgets the native land, and ever prefers it even to the chief individual joy, there

is almost no deliverance that we Americans here might not be instrumental in bringing to pass at home. And I cannot but believe that a great responsibility rests upon us to make such employment of our sojourn in this strange land as shall fit us to contribute some good thing to our own country upon our return. I would hate to have it said of me upon my return, that I returned empty.

Naturally, the religious aspect of this question has interested me greatly. I remember that it was in an English colony that John Wesley, who more than any other man was responsible for the great revival of religion in England a century ago, and Whitefield, who was responsible for the great awakening in America of the same time, began, or prepared themselves for their great work. And I am wondering whether if you and I, while

sojourning here in what might be called an eddy of the great American stream of life, were to decide to give the religion of Jesus that we profess a real trial in our lives, to take Jesus more seriously than we have ever done heretofore, to begin to pray afresh, and to read our Bibles afresh, we would not, when we go back into the somewhat jaded life of the Church at home, each according to the measure of his manhood or womanhood, be able to do something towards bringing to pass the spiritual deliverance of which our country is to-day in sore need.

As to America's need of deliverance, I shall have to content myself with quoting the following lines with which Tennyson brings the "Idylls of the King" to a close. They state the case for America as well as for England.

Take withal

Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back

From thine and ours: for some are scared, who mark,
 Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
 Waverings of every vane with every wind,
 And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
 And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
 And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,
 Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
 Or Labour, with a groan and not a voice,
 Or Art with poisonous honey stol'n from France,
 And that which knows, but careful for itself,
 And that which knows not, ruling that which knows
 To its own harm: yet—if our slowly-grown
 And crown'd Republic's crowning common-sense,
 That saved her many times, not fail—their fears
 Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
 That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
 The darkness of that battle in the West,
 Where all of high and holy dies away.

A Prayer

**Made at the Patriotic Mass Meeting held in the Grand
Opera House in the city of Manila, August 23rd, 1907,
to protest against indignities to the American Flag.**

O Lord our Governor, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who hast made and preserved us a nation, great and strong, rejoicing as a giant to run its course, we beseech Thee to direct and prosper all our acts and utterances in this mass meeting to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of all mankind, the honor, welfare and peace of our Nation.

We are met together, in this strange land in which Thou hast been pleased to plant the American flag, for the not unfriendly purpose of making plain to the blind leaders of the blind over whom that flag floats, the fiery halo about its Stars and Stripes, and the

pit of destruction that awaits the foolish body who, being forewarned, refuses to loose the latchet of his shoe before he sets foot on the holy ground within that awful circle.

The Nation's flag is the Nation's Sacrament. The Stars and Stripes are the Bread and Wine of America: the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of patriotism: the symbol of our passionate love for the land of the free and the home of the brave. Let no demagogue, no fanatic, no opportunist, no dreamer of fondly foolish dreams, forget this, O God, lest we be tempted above that we are able to endure.

We would not willingly seem to be too easily jealous; we would not willingly seem greatly to find quarrel in a straw, save when national honor is indeed at the stake; but knowing by the quickened motion of our blood at

